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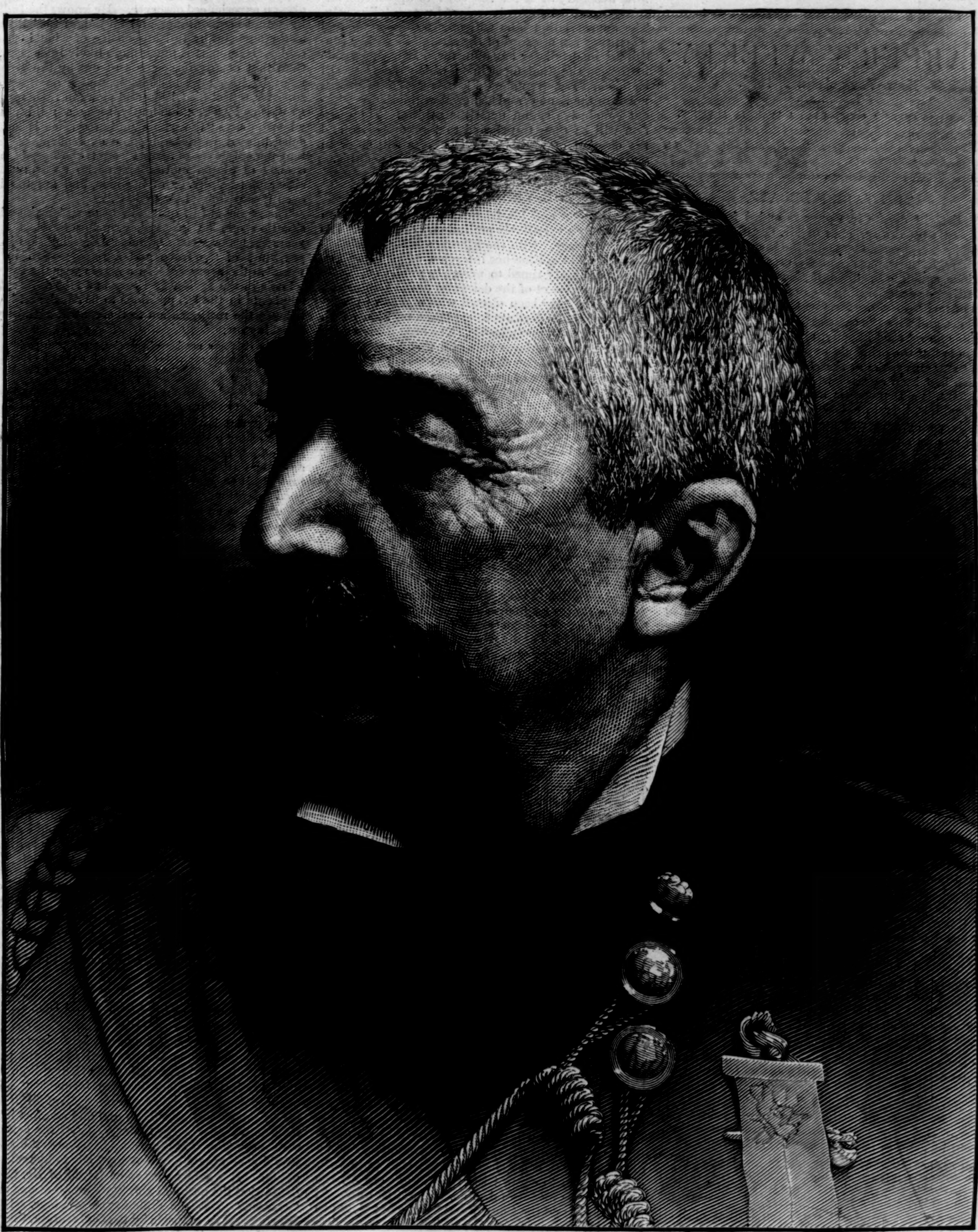

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, U. S. A.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

FOR THE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1888,

From June 9 to November 10 (23 Weeks),

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THE tariff debate in Congress ended for the present with the speeches of Mr. REED, the Republican leader, and Mr. CARLISLE, the Democratic Speaker. Mr. REED was exceedingly entertaining and ingenious, avoiding the difficult places and humorously belittling or exaggerating the arguments and tendencies of tariff reform. Mr. CARLISLE was equally ingenious, and with the same skill of the parliamentary debater he retorted happily, and made an admirable statement of the principle of a reformed tariff. Mr. RANDALL also spoke at the close of the debate. No speech had been awaited with more curiosity. Mr. RANDALL is a Democratic leader and a protectionist. In speaking, therefore, he opposed the general Democratic policy, and was applauded by Republicans. This was an extraordinary and probably not a very agreeable position for him. Naturally a part of his speech was devoted to his justification as a Democrat in holding his position. This he did, for the benefit of those whom he called Democrats of the later school, with skill and ability. It was not a difficult task, however, for the views of JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, and JACKSON were in accord with those of Mr. RANDALL. Last summer we cited from JEFFERSON'S messages his recommendations of a protective policy, and his suggestions of a distribution of the surplus for internal improvements. But many of our great statesmen changed their views upon the question of the tariff, and among them was Mr. WEBSTER. Mr. CARLISLE, indeed, showed that Senator SHERMAN also has expressed views in strict accord with some of those expressed in the President's message. One of the chief contentions in the debate has been upon the assertion that the consumer pays the increased price produced by the tariff. Upon this point Mr. CARLISLE quoted Senator SHERMAN as saying in 1867, "Every duty on imported merchandise gives to the manufacturer an advantage equal to the duty."

Not the least notable part of Mr. RANDALL'S speech was his significant allusion to Mr. CALHOUN as the author of the present Democratic tariff policy, and his concluding hope that the views that went down in the convulsions of the civil war would not revive again. But Mr. RANDALL declined to be politically excommunicated. He emphasized his desire for continued Democratic control of the administration, and declared that he could not be coerced into action upon economic questions by the direction of a party caucus. Mr. RANDALL even said "the period of the party caucus has departed never to return." Indeed, what he said upon this point is very good, and we commend it to those who are "for the nominee" and for "the decision of the caucus," and who receive their opinions not from their own intelligence, but from a majority:

> "My convictions on the tariff are strong, and founded, as I think, upon principle, and upon information and intelligent comprehension of the subject. When any one here enters upon the task of invoking caucus power or other modes of coercion, I can only say to him, if he acts with good purpose, that it will prove a fruitless undertaking; or if with ill motive, then I assign him to all the natural contempt which such self-constituted superciliousness deserves."

Mr. RANDALL, nevertheless, stands against his party. The Democratic drift is against protection, except in the case proposed by Mr. CARLISLE:

> "If any manufacturing or mining industries, or any other industries in the country, receive a benefit by the imposition of duties upon imported goods under this system [a tariff for revenue], they are entitled to it, and they are welcome to it."

The abstract Democratic position is that of incidental protection. But Mr. RANDALL holds positively to the protective policy.

The debate, indeed, has turned largely upon this doctrinal point, and not upon the specific measure for reducing the surplus reported by Mr. MILLS. The situation is this. The President in his message held that the immediate and pressing duty of Congress was the reduction of the surplus, and he recommended a reduction by revising the tariff upon revenue principles. Mr. MILLS reported a bill providing for reduction, but upon no consistent principle. The explanation was obvious. In order to secure votes for reduction, many interests must be considered, and strict principle must be largely sacrificed. The MILLS bill would reduce the surplus, but it would accomplish that result in a way largely differing from the recommendation of the President. The debate in Congress, however, has been a general controversy upon the principle of protection. That principle has been assailed and defended with great skill and ability, and the general result of the debate is to show how complicated and intricate is the question, and how necessary it is for the voter to apprehend certain general principles in order to vote intelligently. The appropriation bills will now be taken up, and when they are disposed of the MILLS bill will be considered in detail for amendments. It is impossible to foresee the final form upon which the vote will be taken. But even should it pass the House, it will not pass the Senate, and Congress will adjourn without conclusive action upon the subject. The question will be then transferred to the campaign, and the election of members of Congress will show in some degree the general disposition of the country.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

MR. BLAINE and his friends have certainly given the country a very lively preliminary campaign. His Paris "message," with the Florence letter which followed it, and the Florence interview which came last, were judiciously timed to maintain public curiosity, and now that most of the delegates to the nominating Convention have been elected with a general preference for him, he declines to explain a position which is admitted to be inexplicable. The only thing which is clear is that he has never said that he would not accept the nomination should it be offered. The facts that the preference of the delegates is largely for Mr. BLAINE, and that his friends have apparently no second choice, and that he declines to speak, increase the probabilities of his nomination. But they do not increase the probabilities of Republican success. If Mr. BLAINE in his Florence letter had withdrawn definitively from the contest, the friends of other candidates would have worked without the irritating consciousness that the success of their labors depended upon something that they could not comprehend. In the endeavor to cut the knot by the peremptory assumption of his actual withdrawal, many Republican papers and politicians have expressed themselves in regard to Mr. BLAINE'S honor and his duty to the party in a way which would make their support of him as a candidate very difficult and awkward.

There is also an increasing impatience among the friends of other candidates with the apparently absolute identification of the party with Mr. BLAINE, and a growing ill-feeling toward those who are regarded as his especial representatives. All this does not forecast harmony in the Convention, nor friendly co-operation in the campaign. Indeed, the course of Mr. BLAINE has already seriously impaired the chances of Republican success. Had he said nothing, he would have been nominated by acclamation. If his Florence letter were really designed to prevent his nomination, when he saw that it was misunderstood, he could easily have corrected the misunderstanding and dispelled all doubt. Then real preferences for other candidates would have asserted themselves. But by his interview which did not explain, by the conduct of his friends which deepened the doubt about his real position, and by the election of a host of delegates bent upon his nomination, the party is brought almost to the meeting of the Convention still in the profoundest doubt of his wishes or purposes.

This has produced a situation which the BLAINE Republicans must consider. Assuming his nomination, what will be the feeling of the other candidates who have been befooled by his course? What will be the feeling of their friends who have been working lustily? What will be the tone of the papers and politicians who have asserted that after his letter he could not honorably run? What will be the disposition of those Republicans who vote, but do not nominate, when Mr. BLAINE is presented once more as the candidate, and the whole party is again ordered out upon the defence? Do such questions indicate a situation which presages Republican victory? Or, assuming that at the last moment a decisive, or apparently decisive, withdrawal of his name is announced by him, what construction will be necessarily placed upon the conduct of his representatives toward the party? What suspicions of tricks, collusions, and bargains to control the result, knowing all the while that he meant to decline, will not be universal in the party and the Convention? and what would be the result at the polls? Or, as the other remaining possibility, assuming that he is defeated in the Convention, as GRANT was defeated in 1880, what Republican would doubt the defeat of his party from that moment, and what kind of campaign would follow? These are pertinent questions arising from the situation which is due to Mr. BLAINE. Whether he desires the nomination or not, his course has been equally unfortunate for the Republican party.

AN IMPORTANT REPORT.

THE report of the agent of the Indian Rights Association, Professor C. C. PAINTER, upon the condition of affairs in the Indian Territory and in California is well worthy of attention by the government as well as by the public. Professor PAINTER is a wholly disinterested and capable observer. He is not a politician. He has no personal interests to promote. He has engaged in the work as a missionary engages, from strong feeling and the desire of befriending the friendless, and as an American patriotically desirous of removing a disgrace from the national name. He is also an experienced observer. He knows the Indians by actual acquaintance, and he judges the situation at the agencies by full knowledge of what is practicable. His report is much more likely to be accurate than that of any inspector sent out by the government, because all such agents, under an interested superior, reflect his wishes and views in their reports. Professor PAINTER evidently seeks a mild phrase when he says "the whole Indian service is largely subordinated to quite incongruous purposes," and that the employés of agents "are taken largely from a class of people in the South who know nothing either of teaching or of business, and are too lazy even if they knew how to do it."

The report is full of details from which the whole situation can be inferred. During the last three years Professor PAINTER finds "a deterioration in the personnel of the force and a retrogression in the work" at the agencies. In a single year the seventy schools in the Indian Territory had 1182 different incumbents in the 560 positions to be filled, and he attributes the retrogression to the central authority at Washington:

> "After visiting a number of agencies, proof, both positive and negative, forces the conviction that there is a system of terrorism operated by the Department which seeks to enforce absolute approval of all its men and methods as the price to be paid for continuance in office, and that dissent will be regarded and treated as proof of insubordination and unfitness for the service."

The report is the detailed picture of a situation of which every generous American should be ashamed, and which ought not to be tolerated. The Indians are our wards, our dependents, and we are bound first of all to prove to them our good faith and our good intention. Inciting them to become civilized, we expose them to many of the worst aspects and influences of civilization, and insisting upon their punctual and honest observance of obligations and stipulations, we give them an example of wanton disregard of both. There is no branch of the public service which requires more constant and thoughtful attention. There is none which seems to be more neglected, or more carelessly abandoned to worse influences. It is not a reply to say that the service is thankless, and that angels cannot be hired for an agent's or a teacher's salary. That is no reason for dismissing capable, experienced, and excellent servants, and for trying to turn the service to political uses.

There is no branch of administration in which the practical introduction of civil service reform principles would be more effective than the Indian service. This fact has been long and often urged upon Executive attention, but as yet without practical results. This is the more deplorable because the government has had, what is not always easily accessible in any department of administration, a great mass of facts and trustworthy information of the actual situation, collected by a very intelligent, careful, and conscientious association, impelled solely by public spirit, and conducting its observations upon the spot. This was an invaluable assistance to any administration wholly new and inexperienced, and a wise use of it would have been a great public benefit. That such counsel has been practically unheeded in important details is equally a public loss. But the publication of reports like this of Professor PAINTER, by showing the actual situation, will furnish the strongest arguments for reform.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND GOVERNOR HILL.

IT is understood that Governor HILL does not propose to acquiesce in the practical judgment passed upon him by the Democratic State Convention. We say practical judgment, because formally the Convention commended his administration. But even his friends do not pretend to find any comfort in that fact, and acknowledge the severity of the action of the Convention. It is most improbable that his party would renominate him if it were left to its real inclination. It would select some friend of Mr. CLEVELAND, that the national and State nominations might "consist." But the difficulty is obvious. If Mr. HILL should be set aside by the Convention, the question of the conduct of his friends would become as interesting as that of the friends of Mr. BLAINE in a similar situation in the Republican National Convention. There is little doubt that the defeat of Mr. HILL'S renomination in New York would produce a

Democratic disaffection toward Mr. CLEVELAND at the polls. On the other hand, it is suggested by sources friendly to the Governor that his renomination would quicken a desire among his supporters to see his vote larger than the President's. That is to say, whether he be renominated or not, his friends are likely to make mischief.

It is a common error of "practical politicians" to suppose that surrender to the least intelligent and progressive sentiment in a party is good politics. The plea is, of course, that ideal politics are impossible. But the practical question is not of ideal politics, but of winning votes. In this instance would more votes be gained for Mr. CLEVELAND by the nomination of Governor HILL, or by that of a very different kind of man? The nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency, followed by that of Mr. HILL for the Governorship, would at once show that Mr. CLEVELAND does not represent the real purpose and spirit of his party; or that if he does, the party does not believe them to be strong enough to carry the election. In other words, it would be a simple demonstration of the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND is better than his party. A State nomination harmonious with his, however, would show that he is the distinctive representative of his party, and that conviction would be of the greatest practical value at the polls. The power and result of this kind of conviction can be seen by a glance at the other party. At the present time it seems as if no Republican candidate could successfully compete for the Presidency with Mr. CLEVELAND; yet that impression is undoubtedly largely based upon the feeling that the party is too deeply Blaineized. If, however, the National Convention should nominate with enthusiasm a very different kind of candidate, and the New York Convention should nominate for Governor a Republican distinctively representative of the wiser feeling and purpose of the party, the probable event of the election would at once become less clear.

The wise policy for the Democratic friends of Mr. CLEVELAND in New York seems to be the nomination of State candidates of a kind to confirm and deepen the general feeling in the country for the President. The same policy applies to the selection of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The consideration which withheld many votes from Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 was the necessity of voting also for Mr. HENDRICKS. It is always doubtful policy to attempt to balance the ticket between factions, because there can be no balance between a candidate for the Presidency and one for the Vice-Presidency. If there were a balance, that is to say, if the chance of the succession were felt to be at all probable, the same feeling which named the President would name his associate. The Governorship of New York is an office of great dignity, and that the present incumbent has filled it worthily is probably not the conviction of the more intelligent members of his own party. Certainly such Democrats do not suppose that he has commended their party to higher respect, or that his renomination would not tend to deepen the conviction that the party is inevitably hostile to political uprightness and progress. To cut loose from the Governor could hardly be stigmatized as ideal politics, while it would be plainly advantageous for his party.

SUMMER CHARITY.

ACTIVE charity, if it be wise charity, is one of the duties from which there can be no escape for the humane and intelligent citizen. His only question must be how to make his aid most effective. Mayor HEWITT, in his late letter upon the Quarantine, said that cholera will probably appear this year in the city, and dealing with it will be more difficult. In 1885 a voluntary association was organized, called the Sanitary Protective League, to assist the authorities in the emergency, and what such an association can do was shown by the Sanitary Commission during the civil war. Last year it turned to the city tenement-houses, and with the co-operation of other bodies and the support of the press it secured the passage of important amendments to the Tenement Bill of 1885, and of the Small Parks Bill, which appropriates $1,000,000 annually to convert some of the worst slums into pleasure-grounds for the people who are bound to the city.

The Protective League has been revived for work this year, and the co-operation, not the subscription, of all who wish to secure the city from perilous infection is earnestly desired to support by voice and influence measures necessary for the public health. Sickness is the great foe of the poor, absorbing their savings and perpetuating their poverty, while the burden of its relief in public and private institutions falls upon the tax-payers. Every year sixteen thousand children under five years of age die in New York. This is double the normal mortality for a large city. From 1884 to 1887 the deaths from diphtheria doubled. The sums spent by benefit and trade societies for relief and funerals amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the twenty thousand dependent children in city institutions, and the hundred thousand who have been sent West, are the orphans of the bread-winners of families.

These are eloquent and pathetic facts. The League proposes to inspect tenements, factories, and workshops, and report their condition and necessities to the authorities, to employ women visitors to teach the poor how to keep their health, to establish hot public baths for winter use, to provide drinking fountains and urinals, and to encourage tree-planting and small parks. The names of the gentlemen interested are the guarantee of the enterprise, and none is worthier than that of CHARLES F. WINGATE, 119 Pearl Street, who will answer all questions.

THE WALLACK TESTIMONIAL.

THE recent performance of *Hamlet* as a tribute to Mr. LESTER WALLACK was one of the most interesting events in the history of the New York theatre. It was a general and spontaneous tribute of the craft to one of its respected leaders, a member of a family honorably distinguished upon the stage; perhaps, indeed, in its numbers and talent more distinguished as a family of players than any other family upon the English stage since the KEMBLES. Messrs. BOOTH and BARRETT and GILBERT and JEFFERSON and FLORENCE and MAYO and EDWARDS, with others of just celebrity, and Mesdames MODJESKA, COGHLAN, and KELLOGG, with Miss VOKES as a "super," all united in this extraordinary performance and demonstration.

The play was *Hamlet*, the scene the Metropolitan Opera-house, the audience enormous, the receipts immense. Notwithstanding the doubt that necessarily attends a special, single, impromptu performance upon a stage and under conditions wholly novel to all the actors, the result seems to have been admirable and satisfactory. In hearing FANNY KEMBLE read *As You Like It*, or any Shakespearian play, the pleasure was greater than in the acting, because every part was adequately interpreted, and the poetic symmetry of the drama, which is essential to the just impression, was maintained. Something of this effect must have been secured by a performance where no part was slurred, while yet the perception of the accomplished player held it in due subordination.

It was a tribute worthily offered, for Mr. WALLACK during his long career in this city has done much for the higher delight which is derived from the drama. The admirable company which bore his name has been only just now dissolved, after a series of performances of old English comedy which will not soon or easily be rivalled. The refined grace of elegant comedy—artificial, indeed, but very charming—has had no adequate interpreter since Mr. WALLACK withdrew. But "the town" will heartily echo his hope that his "rebellious leg" may not much longer enforce a retirement which the lovers of the theatre sincerely deplore.

A MURDEROUS NUISANCE.

THE many deaths recently caused by contact with the wires of the electric light companies will hardly pass unnoted, or without some beneficial result to the public. Coroner LEVY has been conducting an inquiry in regard to the death of THOMAS MURRAY, an employé of the Brush Light Company, and it is evident from the testimony of experts and officers that the wires ought to be placed underground. In all enterprises of the kind—telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights—the public safety is to be considered before the public convenience. The persons interested will urge a hundred reasons why it is inexpedient that they should be put to the expense of proper precautions. But the public persistence for safety should be unyielding, and what is found to be perfectly practicable in Paris and London, will be found to be possible in New York.

American good-nature is a delightful quality, but it exposes us all to inconveniences and dangers which more surly people escape. The American submits to impositions in travelling and in every kind of public accommodation which elsewhere would not be tolerated. "Just as well" and "never mind" are the pleasant phrases by which we bridge the most disagreeable fissures in comfort and safety, and bullies and impostors, corporate and other, break our heads and throw us down with our own courtesy.

Something has been proposed, possibly something has been ordered, to provide a subway for the proper enclosure of wires and pipes. But it requires a good deal of faith to anticipate much actual relief of the kind. If Coroner LEVY's inquiries and the testimony he elicits should lead to prompt and decisive dealing with the murderous nuisance of electric wires, he will have done a worthy public service.

THE CASE OF MRS. RANDALL.

THE President perseveres quietly in investigating the facts in regard to pensions granted by Congress, and his veto messages expose the utter recklessness of much of the pension legislation. One of the latest vetoes is that of a bill granting a pension to Mrs. SALLY A. RANDALL, of Norwich, Connecticut. She is apparently a worthy woman, seventy-five years old, poor and ill, and many prominent citizens of Norwich petition for the pension. The President truly says that these facts commend her warmly to the sympathies of her neighbors, and perhaps to relief from the State of Connecticut. But on what grounds is a pension asked of the United States?

Her first husband was ANTIPAS TABOR, who enlisted in the war of 1812, and was discharged in 1814. He was not injured in the war, and his death, which occurred in 1831, long after his service, was not in any way whatever attributable to his service. Mrs. RANDALL was his widow. She must have been born during his term of enlistment, and knew of his military service only as it might have been told to her. Her widowhood had no connection whatever with any incident or condition of health traceable to such service, and twenty-two years after TABOR's death she married RANDALL, who was never in the military service of the government, and who died fifteen years ago.

The President gently remarks that he does not see how the relief proposed can be granted without an unjustifiable departure from the rules under which applications for pensions should be determined. Does anybody else see it? Does any honorable Union veteran doubt that the President's action in vetoing the bill is precisely what it should be, unless it is held that any widow whose husband was at any time in the military service, whether injured or not, should be pensioned? Yet for arresting such idle, careless legislation as this, the President is denounced as an enemy of the soldiers, and as gratifying a copperhead spite in vetoing pension bills. If the number and character of these bills were generally known, there would be a wider public apprehension of the official care and diligence of the President, and of the want of care and diligence on the part of Congress.

THE POPE AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS.

THE protest of Mr. DILLON and of the National League against the Papal rescript in regard to the plan of campaign and boycotting in Ireland is not likely to change the views or the policy of the Vatican. The action of the Pope was taken only upon the maturest deliberation, and of course with the anticipation of the opposition of the Irish supporters of the policy which the Pope denounced. The appearance and expression of that opposition, therefore, will not be surprising, nor will it be effective. The Vatican could not withdraw or modify the rescript and retain the respect or the confidence of its own adherents. This should be as evident to the Irish leaders as it is to the rest of the world.

The priesthood or the Roman episcopacy in Ireland having submitted to the rescript, the Catholic Irish will undoubtedly acquiesce. The distinction, which is plain enough to an intelligent American audience, between receiving politics and receiving religion from Rome is not readily comprehended by an ignorant and pious Irish laborer. To him the Pope is the divine vicegerent, and he has been always accustomed to take his religious, moral, and political direction from his priest. If the Holy Father condemns boycotting as a sin, the Irish peasant is not a casuist to reply that in his capacity as head of the Church the Bishop of Rome has no right to condemn it as a sin.

Indeed, it would be hard to prove to any loyal Catholic that his chief pastor has not a right to advise him upon his duty, and with all the authority of the Church to forbid him to do what the Church holds to be wrong in the conduct of life. The next step is but logical. Charged with the care of the souls of its children, if they insist upon doing what it holds to be wrong, the Church will invoke all its powers and terrors and refuse the sacraments, as a means of compelling obedience. Until their loyalty as Catholics is shaken, the Irish peasants will heed the Pope rather than the League.

FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

THE carelessness with which the most important acts of legislation are drawn is disclosed by the recent decision of Judge WALLACE, of the Circuit Court of the United States, in the case of the Rev. Mr. WARREN. The law prohibits engagement with any non-resident alien "to perform labor or service of any kind under contract or agreement of any kind." Certain specific exceptions, as of actors, lecturers, musicians, etc., were made. But clergymen were not excepted. Undoubtedly the law did not mean to exclude them, but it did not say so. Judge WALLACE admitted that there was no such intention. But he held that, interpreted with strict literalness, clergymen were bound by the law, and he ruled accordingly.

His action is commendable, because no harm will result from a literal construction, while the absurdity of it will rebuke the carelessness of Congress, and lead to a proper modification of the law. Just regulation of immigration is one of the most important of our public questions. But it should be accomplished upon the most careful consideration, and not as a "bid" for the favor of any interest or class. The rapid and enormous increase of an ignorant vote, and the introduction into a population already sufficiently heterogeneous of a mass of citizenship of utterly alien and discordant traditions, are evils to be restrained and regulated, not recklessly fostered.

The benefit of Judge WALLACE's decision is the more marked because it is rendered upon the absence of an exception which should have been made first of all. It would have been amusing if Plymouth Church had been found violating the law in calling an English successor to Mr. BEECHER. The matter is easily remediable, but it would be well if the whole subject of immigration and the naturalization laws should be taken up by Congress.

PERSONAL.

"THE most faultless poem of its kind that we are acquainted with in the English language," is the judgment of the London *Spectator* on Mr. LOWELL's "Heartsease and Rue."

—New York printers are raising a fund to erect a statue of HORACE GREELEY in City Hall Park, hard by that of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, which stands in Printing House Square. The managers of the project say the money needed can be had easily.

—Another of the devoted circle that swept the North with anti-slavery agitation in the hesitating days before the war has passed away. EDWIN THOMPSON, the eloquent Massachusetts penny-postman, to whom WENDELL PHILLIPS delighted to listen, and whose friendship was dear to WHITTIER, is dead at the age of eighty. The Universalist Church loses an earnest minister; the world loses a good man.

—One of the bits of floating gossip has it that whether Mr. BLAINE be nominated for President or not, he will be given a magnificent reception on his return from abroad. Cannon, it is said, will dot the Narrows on either side to give him salutes, while an escort of private yachts will come with him up the bay to town. Having disembarked, he will be the centre of a brilliant reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

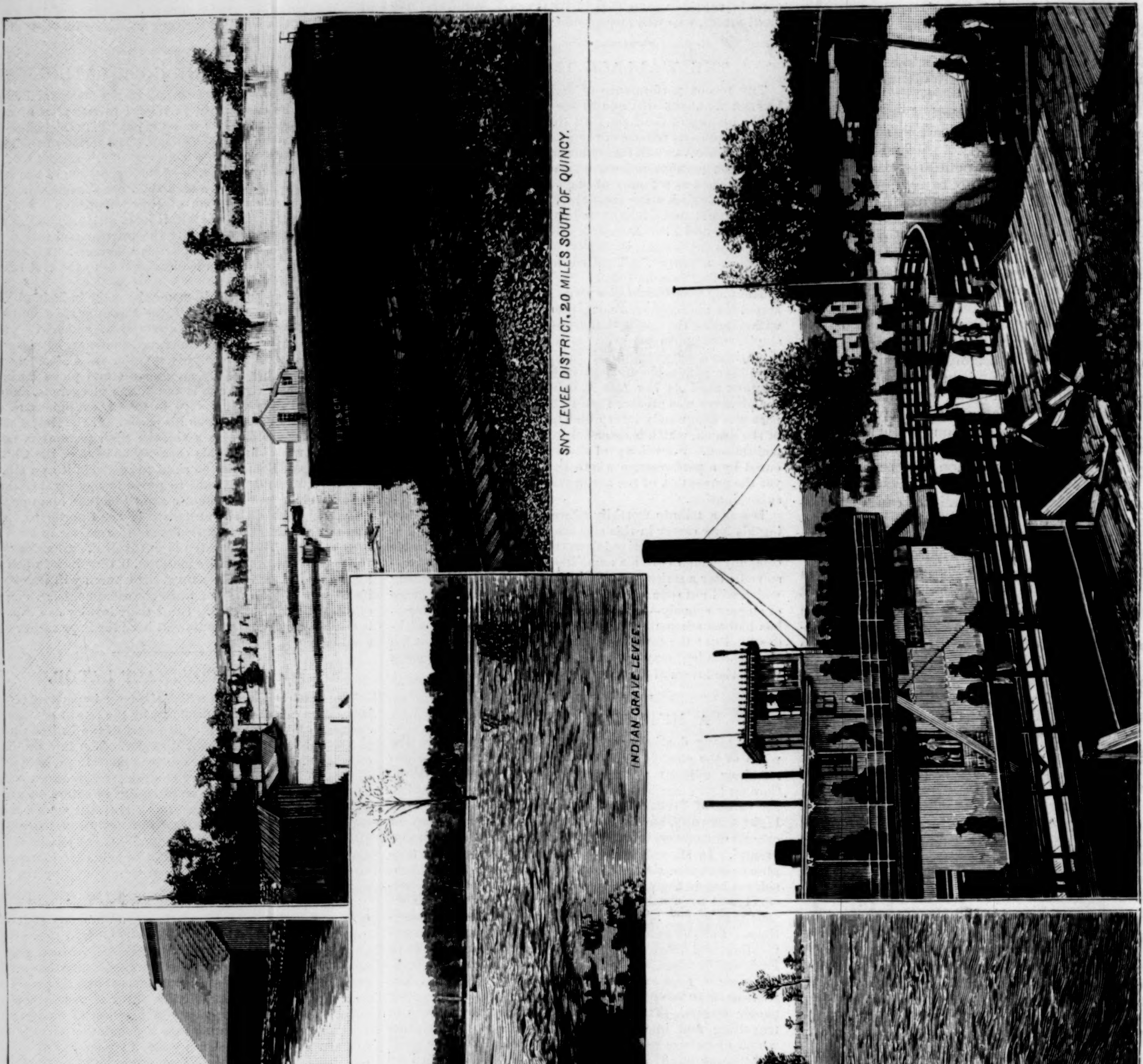
—Child wonders in the musical world did not all disappear with the edict of JOSEF HOFMANN's doctors. Next winter New York is to have eleven-year-old OTTO HEGNER, who has been the musical marvel of London for a month past, critics there averring that he surpasses HOFMANN, playing more difficult compositions.

—WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS is to rebuild the magnificent country mansion that the flames destroyed a little while ago. But he mourns as lost forever treasures of his library and art gallery, including one of the finest collections of cartoons ever gathered in America.

—The old Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts, has been owned in the same family for over two hundred years. By a recent sale it became the property of another member of this family. Admirers of the splendid *Tales of a Wayside Inn* are assured that the venerable and immortal structure is safe from vandalism.

—JOHN RUSKIN is said to have an income of $20,000 a year from his publications.

—Dr. TANNER, the famous faster, has established a foundling hospital in New Mexico.



STILLWELL FARM, BELOW QUINCY.

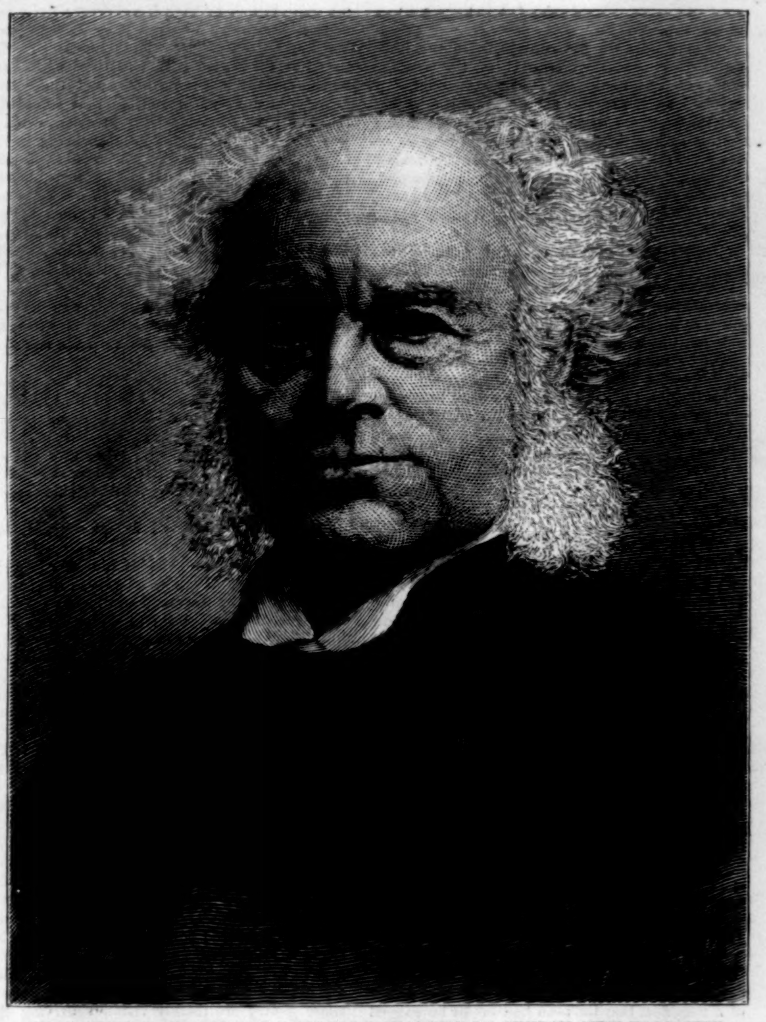
SNY LEVEE DISTRICT, 20 MILES SOUTH OF QUINCY.

INDIAN GRAVE LEVEE.

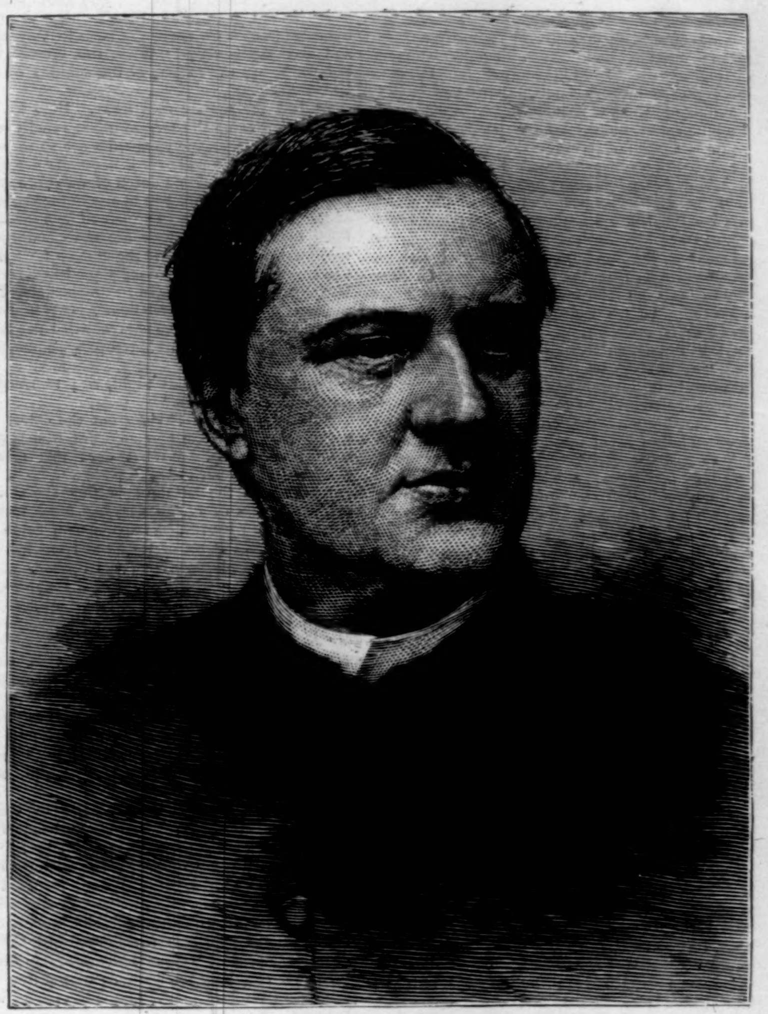
RAILROAD WRECK, NEAR QUINCY.

FERRY BOAT, SIX MILES INLAND.

FLOODS IN THE CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—From Instantaneous Views by Chandlee, Quincy, Illinois.—[See Page 395.]



THE LATE REV. DR. MORGAN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 402.]



THE REV. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, D.D., SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE DR. MORGAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER, BUFFALO.—[SEE PAGE 402.]

A WAR-TIME WOOING.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER III.

DAYBREAK, and the broad expanse of valley opening away to the south is just lighting up in chill, half-reluctant fashion, as though the night had been far too short, or the revels of yester-even far too long. There is a swish and plash of rapid running waters close at hand, and here and there, where the stream is dammed by rocky ridge, the wisps of fog rise slowly into air, mingling with and adding to the prevailing tone of chilly gray. Through these fog wreaths there stands revealed a massive barrier of wooded and rock-ribbed heights, towering aloft and shutting out the eastern sky, all their crests a-swim in floating cloud, all their rugged foot-hills dotted with the tentage of a sleeping army. Here, close at hand on the banks of the rushing river, a sentry paces slowly to and fro, the dew dripping from his shouldered musket and beading on his cartridge-box. The collar of his light blue overcoat is muffled up about his ears, and his forage-cap is pulled far down over his blinking eyes. As he paces southward he can see along the stream-bed camps and pale blue ghosts of sentries pacing as wearily as himself in the wan and cheerless light. Trees are dripping with heavy charge of moisture that the faintest whiff of morning air sends showering on the bank beneath; and a little deluge of the kind coming suddenly down upon this

"THE WHOLE TROOP IS HURRIEDLY SADDLING."

particular sentry as he strolls under the spreading branches serves to augment the expression of general weariness and disgust, which by no means distinguishes him from his more distant fellows, but evokes no further comment than a momentary huddling of head and shoulders into the depths of the blue collar, and the briefest possible mention of the last place of all others one would be apt to connect with cooling showers. Facing about and slouching along the other way, the sentry sees a picture that, had he poetry or love of the grand and beautiful in his soul, would a thousand-fold compensate him for his enforced vigil. Every moment, as the timid light grows bolder with its re-enforcement from the east, there opens a vista before his eyes that few men could look upon unmoved. To his right the brawling Shenandoah, swift and swirling, goes rushing through its last rapids, as though bent on having one final "hurrah" on its own account before losing its identity in the welcoming waters of the Potomac. Hemming it in to the right—the east—and shutting out the crimson dawn are the massive bulwarks of the Loudon Heights, climbing toward the changing heavens. Westward, less bold and jagged, but still a mighty barrier in almost any other companionship, are the sister heights of Bolivar, scarred and seamed with earthwork and rifle-pit, and bristling with *abatis* and battery. Down the intervening valley plunges the Shenandoah and winds the macadam of the highway, its dust subdued for the time being; while, straight away to the front, mist-wreathed at their base from the sleeping waters of the winding canal, cloud-capped at their lofty summit from the bank of vapor that hovers along the entire range, rock-ribbed, precipitous, magnificent in silent, stubborn strength, the towering heights of Maryland span the scene from east to west, and stand superb, the background to the picture. All as yet is sombre in tone, black, dark green, and brown and gray. The mist hangs heavy over everything, and the twinkle of an occasional camp fire is but the sodden glow of ember whose life is long since burned out. But, see! Through the deep, jagged rift where runs the Potomac, along the rock-bound gorge through which in ages past the torrent burst its way, there creeps a host of tiny shafts of color—the skirmishers, the *éclaireurs*, of the irresistible array of which they form but the foremost line—the coming army of the God of Day. Here behind the frowning Loudon no such light troops venture; but, skilled riders as they are,

"Spurring the winds of the morning,"

they pour through the rocky gap, and now they find their lodgment on every salient of the grim old wall beyond the broad Potomac. Here, there, everywhere along the southern face are glinting shafts or points on rocks or ridge. Seam and shadow take on a purplish tinge. The hanging mass of cloud beams with answering smile upon its earthward face as gold and crimson and royal purple mantle the billowy cheeks. Now the rocks light up with warmer glow, and long, horizontal shadows are thrown across the hoary curtain, and slowly the gorgeous cloud crests lift away, and more and more the heights come gleaming into view. Now there are breaks and caverns here and there through the shifting vapors, and hurried little glimpses of the cliffs beyond, and these cloud caves grow and widen, and broad sheets of yellow light seem warming up the dripping wall and changing into mist the clinging beads of dew. And now, far aloft, the fringe of firs and stunted oaks is seen upon the summit as the sun breaks through the shimmering veil, and there, fluttering against the blue of heaven, circled in fleecy frame of vapor, glowing, waving in the sky, all aflame with tingeing sunshine, there leaps into view the "Flag of the Free," crowning the Maryland Heights and shining far up the guarded valley of the Shenandoah. A puff of smoke juts out from the very summit across the stream; the sentry eyes it with a sigh of reviving interest in life; five, ten, twenty seconds he counts before the boom of the salute follows the sudden flash and wakes the echoes of the opposite cliffs.

Listen! Up on the westward heights, somewhere among those frowning batteries, a bugle rings out upon the air—

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the mo—orning,"

it merrily sings, and the rocks of Loudon echo back the spirited notes. Farther up the valley a distant drum rattles, and then, shrill and piercing, with hoarse, rolling accompaniment, the fifes of some infantry regiment burst into the lively trills of the *reveille*. Another camp takes up the strain, off to the left. Then the soft notes of the cavalry trumpets come floating up from the waterside, and soon, regiment after regiment, the field music is all astir, and the melody of the initial effort becomes one ringing, blaring, but most effectually waking discord. Loud in the nearest camp the little drummers and fifers are thumping away at "Bonnie Lass o' Gowrie." Over by the turnpike the rival corps of the —th Connecticut are pounding out the cheerful strains in which Ireland's favored bard declared he would "Mourn the hopes that leave," little dreaming that British fifes and drums would make it soldier music —"two-four time"—all the world over. Halfway across the valley, where the Bolivars narrow it, an Ohio regiment is announcing to the rest of the army, within ear-shot, that it wakes to the realization that its "Name it is Joe Bowers," tooted and hammered in "six-eight time" through the lines of "A" tents; and a New York Zouave organization turns out of its dew-dripping blankets and cordially blasphemes the musicians who are expressing as their conception of the regimental sentiment, "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." And so the chorus goes up and down the Shenandoah, and the time-worn melodies of the earliest war-days—the days before we had "Tramp, tramp," and "Marching through Georgia" (which we never *did* have in Virginia), and even lackadaisical "When this crew-el war is o-ver"—are the matins of the soldiers of the Union Army.

At last the uproar dies away. Here in the neighboring camp the sergeants are rapidly calling the rolls, and some companies are so reduced in number that no call over is necessary—a simple glance at the baker's dozen of war-worn, grizzly-looking men is sufficient to assure the sergeant of the presence of every one left to be accounted for. In this brigade they are not turning out under arms just now, as is the custom farther to the front. It has been cruelly punished in the late battle, and is accorded a resting-spell pending the arrival of recruits from home. One first sergeant, who still wears the chevrons of a corporal, in making his report to his company commander briefly says:

"Rix came back last night, sir; returned to duty with his company."

"Hello, Hunnewell!" sings out the officer addressed, calling to the new adjutant, who is hurriedly passing by. "What does this mean? Are the wagons back?"

"No," says the adjutant, halting short with the willingness of a man who has news to tell. "Some of the provost marshal's men came up last night from Point of Rocks and fetched Rix with them, and letters from the colonel. Both he and Abbot made complaint of the man's conduct, and had him relieved and sent up here under guard. Heard about Abbot?"

"No—what?"

"He's appointed major and assistant adjutant-general, and goes to staff duty; and the colonel will be back this week."

"Does he say who's to be quartermaster?" asks the lieutenant with eager interest, and forgetting to record his congratulations on the good fortune that has befallen his regimental comrade.

"No," says Mr. Hunnewell, with some hesitancy. "There's a hitch there. To begin with, does anybody know that a vacancy exists?"

"Why, Hollins has been missing now ever since the 18th of September, and he must be either dead or taken prisoner."

The adjutant looks around him, and seeing other officers and men within ear-shot, though generally occupied with their morning ablutions, he comes closer to his comrade of the line and the two who have joined him, and speaks with lowered voice:

"There is some investigation going on. The colonel sent for such books and papers of Hollins's as could be found about camp, and an order came last night for Captain Dodge to report at once at Frederick. He was better acquainted with Hollins than any one else—among the officers anyway—and he knew something about his whereabouts the other times he was missing. This makes the third."

"Three times and out, say I," answers one of the party. "I heard some talk at division headquarters when I was up there last night: the general has a letter that Colonel Raymond wrote soon after he was exchanged, but if it be anything to Hollins's discredit I wonder he did not write to Putnam. He wouldn't want his successor to be burdened with a quartermaster whom he knew to be—well—shady, so to speak."

"That's the one thing I never understood about Abbot," says the captain, sipping the cup of coffee that a negro servant had just brought to him. "Some more of that, Belshazzar; these gentlemen will join me. How he, who is so blue-blooded, seems to be on such terms of intimacy with Hollins, is what I mean," he explains. "It was through him that Hollins was taken into companionship from the very start. He really is responsible for him. They were classmates, and no one else knew anything of him—except vaguely."

"Now there's just where you wrong Abbot, captain," answers Mr. Hunnewell, very promptly, "and I want to hit that nail on the head right here. I thought just as you did for a while, but got an inkling as to the real state of the case some time ago. It wasn't Abbot who endorsed him at all, except by silence and sufferance, you may say. Hollins was at his tent day and night—always following him up, and actually forcing himself upon him; and one night, after Hollins had that first scrape, and came back under a cloud, and went to Abbot first thing to intercede with the colonel, I happened to overhear a piece of conversation between them. Abbot was just as cold and distant as man could possibly be. He told him plainly that he considered his course discreditable to the whole regiment, and especially annoying to him, because, said Abbot, 'You have virtually made me your sponsor with every man who showed a disposition to repel you.' Then Hollins made some reply which I did not fully catch, but Abbot was angry, and anybody could have heard his answer. He told Hollins that if it had not been for the relationship to which he alluded he could not have tolerated him at all, but that he must not draw on it too often. Then Hollins came out, and I heard him muttering to himself. He fawned on Abbot while he was in the tent, but he was scowling and gritting his teeth when he left; and I heard him cursing *sotto voce*, until he suddenly caught sight of me. Then he was all joviality, and took me by the arms to tell me how 'Paul, old boy, has been raking me over the coals. We were chums, you know, and he thinks a heap of me, and don't want the home people to know of my getting on a spree,' was the way he explained it. Now, if you remember, it was Hollins who was perpetually alluding to his intimacy with the Abbots. Paul himself never spoke of it. What Palfrey once told me in Washington may explain it; he said that Hollins was distantly related to the Winthrops, and that there was a time when he and Miss Winthrop were quite inseparable—you know what a handsome fellow he was when he first joined us."

"Well," answers the captain, with the half-way and reluctant withdrawal of the average man who has made an unjust statement, "it may be as you say, but all the same it was Abbot's tacit endorsement or tolerance that enabled Hollins to hold a place among us as long as he has. If he has been sheltered under the shadow of Abbot's wing, and turns out to be a vagabond, so much the worse for the wing. All the same, I'm glad of Abbot's promotion. Wonder whose staff he goes on?"

"Lieutenant," says a corporal, saluting the group and addressing his company commander, "Rix says he would like to speak with the major before breakfast. He was for going to headquarters alone just now, but I told him he must wait until I had seen you."

The lieutenant glances quickly around. There, not ten paces away—his forage-cap on the back of his head, his hulking shoulders more bent than ever, hands in his pockets, and a scowl on his face—stands, or rather slouches, Rix. He looks unkempt, dirty, determinedly ugly, and very much as though he had been in liquor most of the week, and was sober now only through adverse circumstances over which he had no control.

"What do you want of the major, Rix?" demands the lieutenant, with military directness.

"Well, I *want* him—'n' that's enough," says the ex-teamster, with surly, defiant manner, and never changing his attitude. "I want t' know what I'm sent back here for, like a criminal."

"Because you look most damnably like one," says the officer, impulsively; and then, ashamed of having said such a thing to one who is powerless to resent, he tempers the wrath with which he would rebuke the man's insubordination, and, after an instant's pause, speaks more gently:

"Come here, Rix. Stand up like a man and tell me your trouble. If you have been wronged in any way I'll see that you are righted; but recollect what and where you are."

"I'm a man, by God! Good as any of you a year ago; better'n most of you five years ago; an' now I'm ordered about by boys just out of their teens. I'm not under Abbot's orders. Lieutenant Hollins is my officer; he'll fix me all right. Where's *he*, lieutenant? He's the man I want."

"Rix, you will only get into more trouble if you don't mend your manners," says the lieutenant, half agreeing with the muttered comment of a comrade, that the man had better be gagged forthwith, but determined to control his own temper. "As to Lieutenant Hollins, he has not been heard of since Antietam. Nobody knows what's become of him."

The effect of this announcement is startling. Rix turns ghastly white; his bloodshot eyes stare fearfully at his informant, then blink savagely around on one after another of the party. His fingers twitch nervously, and he clutches at his throat.

"Are—are you sure, lieutenant?" he gasps, all his insolence of manner gone.

"Sure, sir. He hasn't been seen or heard of since—"

"Why, my God! he told me back there at Boonsborough that he would ride right over to camp—time I was going back with the colonel through the Gap."

"Boonsborough! Why, man, that was several days after the battle that you went back with the colonel's ambulance! Then you've seen him since we have. Where was it?"

But Rix has recovered his wits, such as they are. He has made a damaging admission, and one that places him in a compromising position. He quickly blurts forth a denial.

"No, no! It wasn't then. I misremembered. 'Twas when we went over the first time. He says to me right there at Boonsborough—"

"You're lying, Rix," interposed the senior officer of the party, who has been an absorbed listener. "You didn't go through Boonsborough at all, first time over. We followed the other road, and you followed us. It must have been when you went back. Now what did the quartermaster say?"

But Rix sets his jaws firmly, and will tell no more. Twice he is importuned, but to no purpose. Then the captain speaks again:

"We need not disturb the commanding officer until breakfast-time, but there is no doubt in my mind this man can give important evidence. I will take the responsibility. Have Rix placed in charge of the guard at once."

And when the corporal reappears it is with a file of men, armed with their Springfields. Between them Rix is marched away, a scared and haggard-looking man.

For a moment the officers stand in silence, gazing after him. Then the captain speaks:

"That man could tell a story, without deviating a hair's-breadth from the truth, that would astonish the commonwealth of Massachusetts, or I am vastly mistaken in him. Does anybody know his antecedents?"

"He was our first quartermaster-sergeant, that's all I know of him," answers Mr. Hunnewell; "but he was in bad odor with the colonel, I heard, long before Cedar Mountain. He would have 'broken' him if it had not been for Hollins's intercessions."

"I mean his antecedents, before the outbreak of the war, not in the regiment. Where did Hollins get him? *Why* did he get him, and have him made quartermaster-sergeant, and stick to him as he did for months, after everybody else was convinced of his worthlessness? There is something I do not understand in their relations. Do you remember, when we were first camped at Meridian Hill, Hollins and Rix occupied the same tent a few days, and the colonel put a stop to it? Hollins was furious, and tried to raise a point against the colonel. He pointed to the fact that in half the regiments around us the quartermaster was allowed to have his sergeant for a tent-mate if he wanted to; and if Colonel Raymond had any objections, why didn't he say so before they left the State? He had lived with him a whole month in camp there, and the colonel never said a word. I confess that some of us thought that Rix was badly treated when he was ordered to pitch his tent elsewhere; but the colonel never permitted any argument. I heard him tell Hollins that what was permissible while we were simply State troops was not to be considered precedent for his action when they were mustered into the national service. In his regiment, as in the well-disciplined regiments of any State, the officers and enlisted men must live apart."

"But Hollins claimed that Rix was a man of good birth and education, and that he was coaching him for a commission," interposes one of the group.

"That was an after-thought, and had no bearing on the case anyway. I know that in this, as in some other matters, there were many of us who chafed a little at the idea of regular army discipline among us, but we know now the colonel was right. As for Rix, he turned out to be a drunkard before we got within rifle-range of Virginia."

"Yet he was retained as quartermaster-sergeant."

"Because Hollins shielded him and kept him out of the way. I tell you," puts in the captain, testily, "Colonel Raymond would have 'broken' him if he had not been taken at Ball's Bluff. Putnam didn't like to overthrow Raymond's appointee without his full knowledge and consent, and so he hung on till after we got back to Alexandria. Even then Hollins had him detailed as driver, on plea that his lame foot would prevent his marching. But Hollins is gone now and Mr. ex-Q.-M. Sergeant Rix is safely jugged. Mark my words, gentlemen, he'll be needed when Hollins's papers are overhauled."

"Hullo! What's up now?" suddenly demands the adjutant. "Look at head-quarters."

From where they stand the broad highway up the valley is plainly visible for a mile or more, and to the right of the turnpike, on a little rising ground, are pitched the tents of the division commander and his staff. Farther away, among some substantial farm-buildings, are to be seen the cavalrymen of the regular service who are attached, as escort and orderlies, to the head-quarters of the Second Corps, and a dozen of these gentry are plainly visible scurrying about between their little tents and the picket-line, where their horses are tethered. It is evident that the whole troop is hurriedly saddling, and that orderlies are riding off beyond the buildings, each with one or more led horses—the "mounts" of the staff. Here, close at hand, among the tents of the Massachusetts men, the soldiers have risen to their feet, and, with coffee steaming from the battered tin cup in one hand and bread or bacon clutched in the other, they are gazing with interest, but no sign of excitement, at the scene of evident action farther to the front. A year ago such signs of preparation at head-quarters would have sent the whole regiment in eager rush for its arms and equipments, but it has learned wisdom with its twelvemonth of campaigning. Not a shot has been heard up the valley. It can be no attack there. Yet something unquestionably has happened. Yes, the escort is "leading out." See! far up on the heights, to the west, the men are thronging on the parapets. They have a better view from there of what is going on at Sumner's head-quarters. Next, shooting around the building on the low rise to the right front, there comes a staff-officer at rapid gallop. Down the slope he rides, over the low stone wall his charger bears him, and down the turnpike he speeds, heedless of the shouts of inquiry that seem to greet him from the camps that flank the road. Sharp to his right he turns, at a little lane a quarter-mile away, and disappears among the trees. "Going to the cavalry camps," hazards the adjutant, and determines that he had better get over to the major's tent—their temporary commander—and warn him "something's coming." Another minute, quick, pealing, spirited, there rings on the air the sound of a trumpet, and the stirring call of "Boots and saddles!" startles the ear of many a late sleeper among the officers. The sun is not yet shining in the valley; the dew is sparkling on every blade and leaf; but the Second Corps is all astir, and there is a cheer in the cavalry camp that tells of soldierly doings close at hand. A light battery is parked just across the highway, and as the aid reappears, spurring from the lane out into the pike again, the officers see how its young commander has vaulted into saddle and is riding down to intercept him so that not a minute be lost if the guns are needed. They are. For though the aide comes by like a shot, he has shouted some quick words to the captain of the battery, and the latter waves his jaunty forage-cap to his expectant bugler, standing, clarion in hand, by the guard fire. "Boots and saddles!" again; and—drivers and cannoneers—the men drop their tin cups and plates, and leap for the lines of harness. Down comes the aide full tilt as before. Captain Lee runs to the road-side and hails him with familiar shout:

"What's up, Win?"

And gets no further answer than, "Tell you as I come back."

Meantime other aides have been scurrying to and fro; and far and near, up and down the Shenandoah and out across the valley, where the morning sunshine triumphs over the barring Loudon, the same stirring call rings out upon the air. "Boots and saddles!" everywhere, and nowhere the long roll or the infantry assembly.

"Back to your breakfast, boys," says a tall and bearded sergeant. "Whatever it is, it don't amount to shucks. The infantry isn't called for."

But that it amounts to more than "shucks,"

THE PARTIALLY RUINED VILLAGE OF SHEPHERD.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FLOODS.

The floods in the central Mississippi Valley during the present month were the most disastrous ever known in that section of country. The river reached a height of nineteen feet nine inches above low-water mark, the highest ever known excepting during the great flood of 1851. In the vicinity of Quincy, Illinois, the water covered the entire valley in Illinois and Missouri, the river being from eight to fifteen miles wide. In this great inland sea were thousands of fertile farms and many hamlets and villages covered by from six to fifteen feet of water. The greatest destruction of property occurred in the levee districts of western Illinois. Above and below Quincy, a distance of fifty miles north and south, are a series of levee districts, high embankments along the river reclaiming strips of land from two to seven miles in width. These farms are the most productive in the entire valley. As the water advanced steadily toward the top of the dikes, large forces of men worked night and day raising the embankments and strengthening the weak places. Sacks of sand were piled along the top in two rows, dirt being filled in between them, and in one place several hundred sacks of flour were used to stop a slight crevasse. Just before daylight Sunday morning, May 13th, the Indian Grave Levee, above Quincy, gave way, a solid section of the embankment thirty feet long being carried out. Within an hour the crevasse was two hundred feet in width, and nothing could check the resistless force of the water. The flood poured through the opening with a roar that could be heard many miles, warning the inhabitants of the danger that was upon them. Men, women, and children fled for their lives, seeking the bluffs east of the river, and leaving everything they possessed at the mercy of the waters. Great trees were torn up by the roots, houses and farm buildings swept away, and everything below the crevasse destroyed. The Indian Grave Levee is eighteen miles in length, and the first break was followed within twenty-four hours by several others, so that the entire district of 75,000 acres was quickly flooded.

The Sny Carte Levee, extending from Quincy south fifty-four miles, gave way the day following, and the scenes of the Indian Grave Valley were repeated and intensified. All the other levees went out at about the same time, and the destruction in the levee districts was complete. Fortunately very few lives were lost, swift riders and the noise of the advancing flood giving the inhabitants sufficient warning to enable them to save themselves. Misery, want, and utter desolation followed the flood. Farmers with their families camped on the hills along the river, in huts, tents, and in the open air, and to add to the suffering of the unfortunate people, a cold rain prevailed for several days. Relief committees were at once organized at Quincy, who made trips by boats throughout the flooded sections, distributing food and clothing, many of the people being absolutely destitute.

The magnitude of this calamity will be the more readily appreciated when it is stated that upward of 200,000 acres of fine farms were flooded. More than half of this area was planted in winter wheat, the growing grain being fully three feet high, and promising an enormous yield. Added to the loss of crops is the damage to farm buildings, the destruction of fences, and a considerable loss of stock. The damage to railroads in the flooded districts is very considerable. Embankments, bridges, and culverts were carried away, and in some localities the ties and rails for a distance of from one to three miles were washed from the road-bed and lodged among the trees.

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despite the footman's epigram, is presently apparent when the staff-officer comes more slowly back, easing his panting horse. The major has by this time turned out, and in boots and overcoat is striding over to the stone wall to get the news.

"What is it, Win?" he asks.

And the aide-de-camp, bending low from the saddle, and with grave face, replies:

"Stuart again, by Heaven! He whipped around our right, somewhere near Martinsburg, last night, and is crossing at Williamsport now."

"*What!* Why, we've got three corps over there about Antietam yet."

"Yes, and he'll go around them, just as he did round us, and be up in Pennsylvania to-morrow. Where are your wounded?"

"Some over near Keedysville; the others, those we lost at South Mountain, somewhere near Frederick. The colonel and Abbot were there at last accounts. Why?"

"Because it will be just like him to go clean around us and come down the Monocacy. If he should, they are gone, sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPEAKER CARLISLE.

With the exception of Judge Thurman, Mr. Carlisle is by far the ablest Democrat who has appeared in Congress for a generation. In some respects he is better equipped for the task of legislation than the distinguished Ohioan, for he knows more thoroughly the art of government. At present there is no man in either House of Congress who can compare with Mr. Carlisle as a debater of economic questions, and only Mr. Sherman who has so accurate a knowledge of the operations of the Treasury. In addition, he is the most accomplished parliamentary lawyer who has sat in the Speaker's chair certainly since Mr. Polk's term. Other Speakers have been adroit manipulators of the rules, but Mr. Carlisle has administered the principles of law which lie at the foundation of all rules that govern modern parliamentary bodies. Besides all this, he is a constitutional lawyer of large attainments, and it was by a speech made in the House during the political session of 1879 on the use of troops at the polls that he first attracted the attention of the country.

The Speaker is a quiet, calm, intellectual man. He is never excited except by his own thinking. Sometimes the even tenor of his speech will be broken for a moment, and there will be a more brilliant light in the clear eye and a slight flush of the usually pale cheek; but the quickened pulse comes from an impulse given by the mind of the speaker. With scarcely an exception, every speech that Mr. Carlisle has made in Congress has been an argument from its opening to its close. Once, indeed, in reply to a personal assault which shocked both sides of the House, he said, "I have not made a political speech, or at least not a partisan speech, on the floor of this House during all my service here. I have given my earnest attention to what I honestly believed to be really the highest interests of the general public." And this led the impulsive Mr. Frye, then a Representative, to say, amid the applause of Republicans and Democrats alike: "The gentleman from Kentucky is recognized on this side as the jewel of the Democratic party in this House."

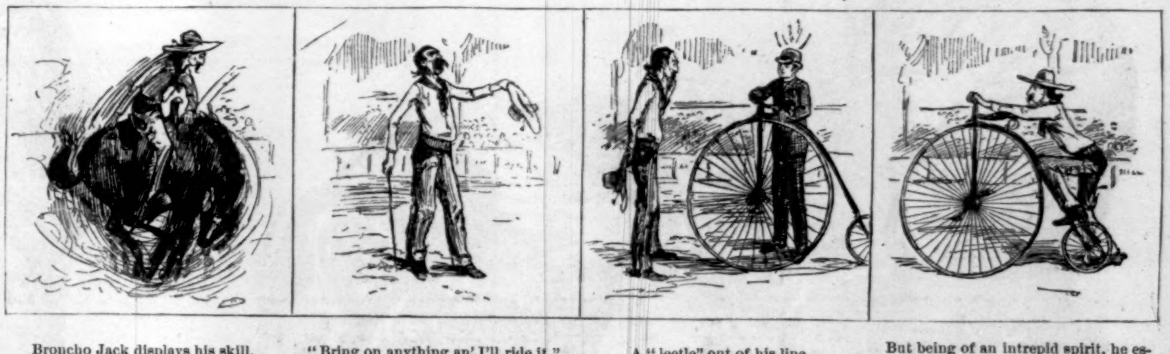
Mr. Carlisle began his public life when he was twenty-four years old. In 1859 he was elected a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives, where he served for two years. He was instructed in the common schools, in which he was afterward for a short time a teacher. He studied law with ex-Governor J. W. Stevenson, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. From the first his success was great, and notwithstanding the demands that were made upon him by public affairs he very soon came to be recognized as one of the leaders of the bar of Kentucky and of Cincinnati, which is directly across the Ohio River from Covington, the city in which Mr. Carlisle has lived since he entered upon the active duties of his profession. During the war he was out of politics, refusing to act as a Presidential Elector in 1864; but in 1866 he was chosen a State Senator, and has been in public life almost continuously ever since. The highest State office that he has held was the Lieutenant-Governorship. As Lieutenant-Governor he presided over the Senate, and acquired the training which has stood him in good stead in his present office. He came to the front in the Forty-sixth Congress in a speech on the political rider which the Democrats attempted to attach to an appropriation bill. The rider forbade the use of troops at the polls, and because it was in it, Mr. Hayes vetoed the bill. His speech in support of the Democratic position made Mr. Carlisle the chief figure of his party in the House of Representatives, and during the long extra session, which is now known in the annals of Congress as the political session, he and Judge Thurman guided their party in all that it undertook. It was the speech on the army bill, also, which made Mr. Carlisle the chief orator of a Tammany Hall meeting which was held in this city during that eventful summer of 1879. After that Mr. Carlisle was a factor in national politics.

When the House went into control of the Republicans Mr. Carlisle was placed on the Ways and Means Committee, and he then began the work which he is still doing. His first effort was to secure a modification of the internal revenue law, and his report on this subject remains today the most thorough discussion of excise policy that has been made by an American public man. His speeches against the tariff commission, and the bill which was the result of its labors, marked him as the leader of the revenue reformers in Congress, so that when the Democrats resumed control of the popular branch of Congress he was naturally and properly made the Speaker. Since his elevation to that office his career has been too well known and is too recent to require comment.

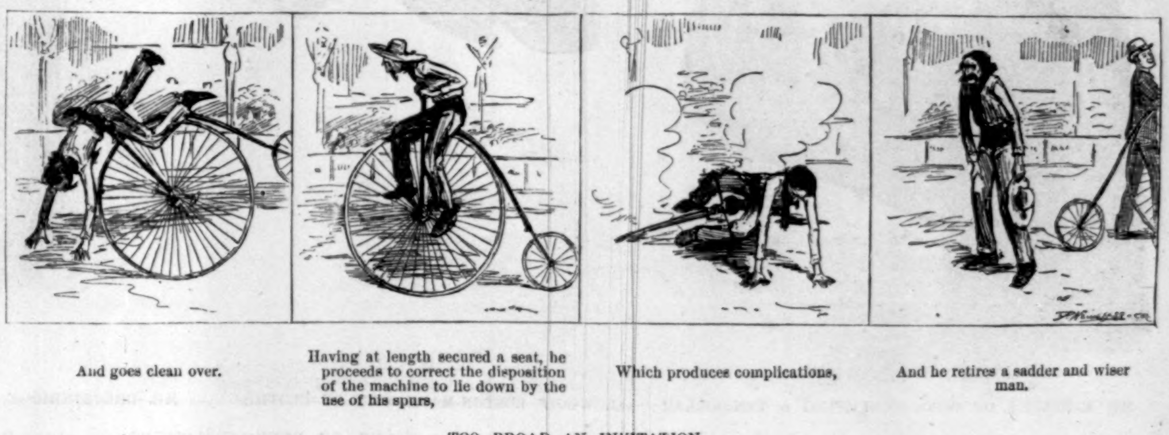
Mr. Carlisle's prominence is due not only to a wonderfully clear and accurate mind, but to great industry. He works from morning until night. He has very little recreation. Until very recently, while he has been in Washington, he has lived in pleasant rooms in an upper story of a hotel. He could be found there at his desk at all hours before and after the adjournment of Congress. His utterances have been marvellous for complete mastery of his subject. He has studied and understands the merits of nearly every item in the tariff law. Now that he is Speaker, he makes it his business to know every member's capacity. Every day he reads through the *Congressional Record*, and if a new member is promising he makes it a point to hear him speak. He studies his men so carefully that he is able to place them on committees to the best advantage. Whatever misses he makes are due to conditions and circumstances that he cannot control. Since he has been Speaker he has studied members as carefully as he used to study crockery, pig-iron, steel blooms, and other inanimate materials when he was helping to make tariff bills. This is the reason that the present Ways and Means Committee is strong although it contains an unusually large percentage of new names. With all his triumphs he is modest; with all his labor he is genial; and with all his ill health—for his confinement to his tasks does not help to make him strong—he is patient, kindly, helpful, and long-suffering. He is accessible to all but lobbyists.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

It is safe to say that no debate which has taken place in Congress since the exciting political contest of 1877 has drawn so many people to the Capitol as the tariff debate which closed on the 19th of May. Ordinarily a speech, either in the House of Representatives or the Senate, is not listened to. No one expects that it will affect the vote on the measure under consideration. The feeling of the average member was accurately expressed by a prominent Democratic Senator, who was irritated by a long discussion on a party question. "What's the use," he said, "of so much talk when you've got the votes?" And, as a rule, the talk is simply for the constituents of the member who indulges in it. The debate on the Mills bill, however, has been a real discussion, and has made a serious impression upon the House and the country. The scenes on the last two days gave evidence of the truth of this. The speakers were Mr. Randall, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Breckinridge, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Carlisle. It will be seen from M. Rénouard's sketches how deeply the speeches interested the members of the House. Hardly a Congressman is attending to his correspondence, whereas, on ordinary occasions, nearly every one who may happen to be present except the orator is writing letters. The House listened respectfully and thoughtfully to the giants of the two sides. In such a debate there is a wonderful intensity in the audience, both on the floor and in the galleries. Every one is ready to break into noisy demonstration of approval, although there is an admirable self-restraint which prevents any exhibition of disapproval. It was some time before either Mr.



Broncho Jack displays his skill. "Bring on anything an' I'll ride it." A "leetle" out of his line. But being of an intrepid spirit, he essays to mount,



And goes clean over. Having at length secured a seat, he proceeds to correct the disposition of the machine to lie down by the use of his spurs, Which produces complications, And he retires a sadder and wiser man.

TOO BROAD AN INVITATION.

MR. REED, OF MAINE, ADDRESSING THE HOUSE.

MR. RANDALL, OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELIVERING HIS SPEECH.

Breckinridge or Mr. Carlisle could be heard, so hearty was the greeting which each received, and throughout the two days the rule which prohibits applause was practically suspended.

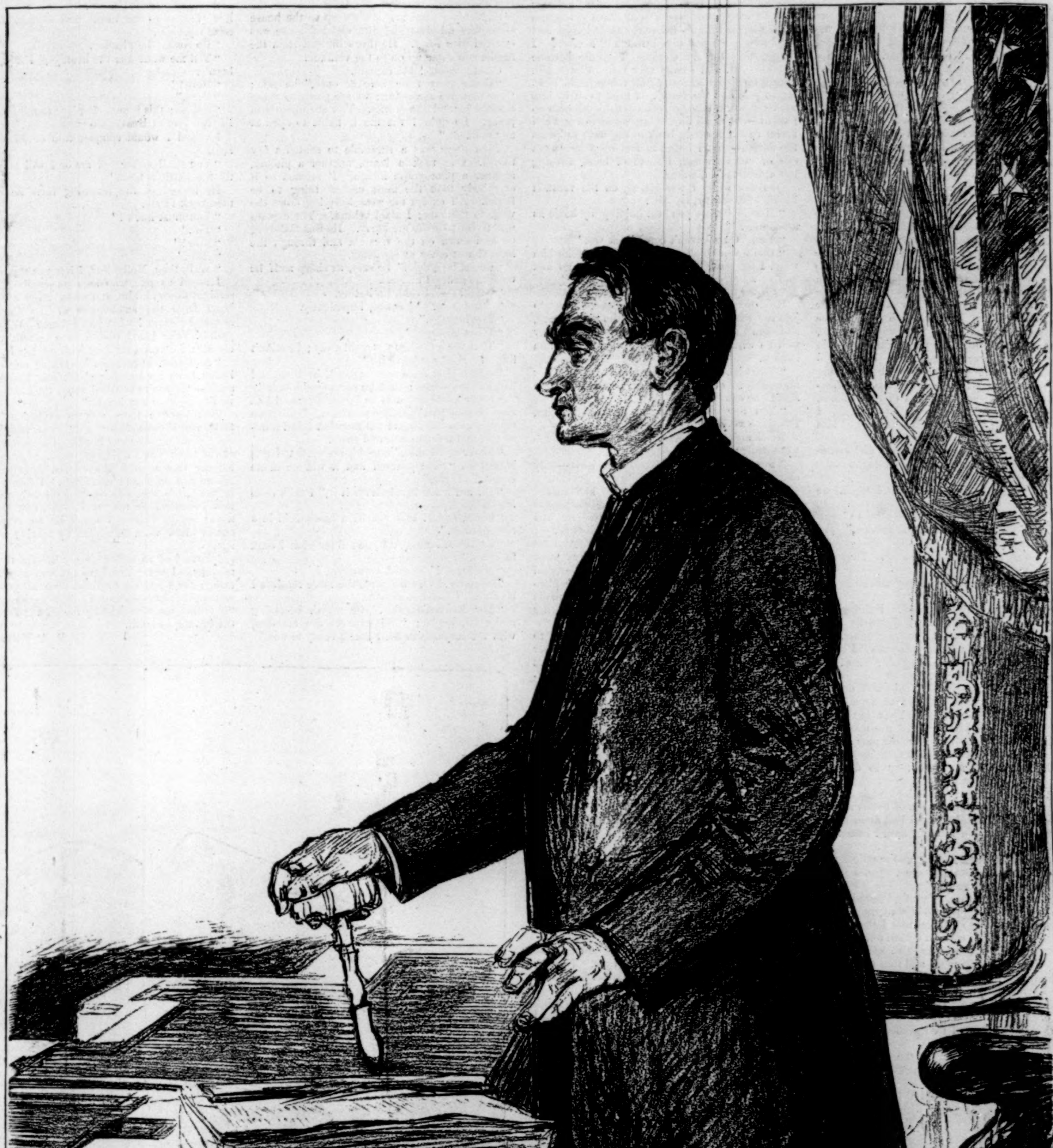
The four speakers of whom pictures are given are four very different men. Mr. Breckinridge comes from a family of orators. His father was the celebrated preacher of Kentucky. He is smooth and graceful, and is a representative of the best type of the old-fashioned Southern orators, who still believe in figures of rhetoric, but who hold chiefly to the strong backbone of an argument. Except Mr. Carlisle, he is the Representative who appeals most strongly to the galleries. Mr. Reed, on the other hand, affords the most amusement, not by such wit as that with which Mr. Cox delights his hearers, but with a biting satire and a mirth-provoking irony which illustrate the points he makes. Mr. Reed himself dearly loves a joke, and he indulges himself to the utmost in what he likes. It ought to be said, however, that he never wears the jovial face that M. Rénouard has given him when the point of the jest is turned against himself or his party. His treatment of the tariff question may be best described as broad and general. Mr. McKinley's speech dealt with the details of the question. He speaks in a quick, energetic way, and being a man of very particular information concerning the customs law and the industries of the country, he enlightens the subject. He has a cruel humor, and loves to impale an opponent, as may be judged from the incident of the suit of clothes. It had been asserted by Mr. Mills that a suit of all-wool clothes could not be purchased in this country for $10, whereupon a Bostonian went to the clothing store of Mr. Morse, a Democratic Congressman, and for $10 actually bought a suit of clothes which was described in the bill as "all wool." In the midst of his speech Mr. McKinley presented the clothes to the gaze of the astonished clothier, and doubtless confounded the galleries. It was not an achievement for a statesman, but the incident illustrates the sharpness of the advocates of protection, and the interest that a good many people are taking in what has been going on in Congress. The deep attention that Mr. Randall received during the delivery of his speech was due to his peculiar attitude toward the Democratic party and the President, rather than to the merits of his effort or his reputation as an orator. Mr. Randall is not a debater of the first rank. He is a very skilful wrangler on questions of practice, and he is an adroit manager of a bill; but he rarely argues a question of principle. When he feels called upon to take part in a debate such as that which has just closed he reads a speech, which is generally a pretty good contribution to the discussion. His importance on this occasion arose from the fact that he was expected to antagonize his party, and to go against the bill which had been agreed upon as representing the Democratic position. There was also some curiosity felt as to whether he would announce his determination as to the command of a party caucus concerning the measure. Those who listened and who knew Mr. Randall's record were probably not disappointed when he declared that he would not permit a caucus to govern his vote on an economic question. When he had finished, the Democrats knew that the Pennsylvanian's opposition to the bill would be carried to the end, and that the Democratic party could not constrain him. It will doubtless be a long time before such another debate is heard in Congress, but the material is in both the House and the Senate, and the subject alone is needed to make the country aware of its presence.

MR. REED IN A JOVIAL HUMOR.

MR. McKINLEY, OF OHIO, EXHIBITING A TEN-DOLLAR "ALL WOOL" BOSTON-MADE SUIT OF CLOTHES.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY, TAKING PART IN THE DEBATE.

SKETCHES FROM THE GREAT TARIFF DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Drawn by Paul Rénouard.—[See Page 395.]



HON. JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Drawn by Paul Rénouard.—[See Page 395.]

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

They said it was a forced march. First, some soldiers on horseback went tearing by with a terrible clatter, leaving a cloud of dust behind them, then it was all quiet for an hour. I heard a tramping, and looking up to the crest of rising ground to the north, saw the road packed with soldiers on foot. They came quickly up, and I scarcely had time to see what they looked like before those in front had passed. They didn't march like soldiers I had seen in the city on a gala day, when I was a little girl; they hurried along, each man walking as he liked. I wondered how they could go so fast, they were loaded down so. They carried great heavy knapsacks and blankets, and tin pans and canteens, besides their muskets. They looked more as if they were going to set up house-keeping than to war.

While I was leaning on the window-sill, looking out and watching them, I saw a young officer ride into the yard, just as if he belonged to the place—or, rather, as if the place belonged to him—and back toward the barn. Two soldiers rode close behind him, and they got down off their horses and went into the barn. I thought at once they were after our horses. My pony was there, and I made up my mind they shouldn't take him without walking over my dead body. I ran downstairs and out to the barn. If I had been making a forced march myself I couldn't have gone faster. Before I got there they had two horses out, and were harnessing them to the farm wagon. I marched straight up to the officer and asked him what he was doing.

He was a trifle startled at seeing a girl standing before him, looking as if she intended to make a resistance.

"We're 'pressing all the horses and wagons we find along the road," he said.

"What do you mean by 'pressing them?"

"We're 'pressing them into the service."

"What for?"

"To carry the men's knapsacks. They can march faster."

"Do you think it makes it any more respectable to call it *'pressing?*"

The officer's face was flushed. I thought it was because he was ashamed of his work; but I soon noticed that he was in a burning fever.

"You sha'n't take my pony, anyway," I cried, going to a man who was leading him out of the barn, and seizing the halter.

"Never mind that horse," said the officer; "it's only a pony. Take it back into the stable."

The man obeyed at once. They harnessed two horses to the wagon, and led the team into the road. As the soldiers marched past it they threw their knapsacks on the wagon, and it was soon loaded, and one of the negroes drove it away.

Just then an officer came along with a number of other officers and a train of horsemen following him. I noticed that he had stars on his shoulders, and wore a straight sword instead of a crooked one like the rest.

"Captain!" he said, looking at the officer who had taken our horses and wagon, "you'd better not try to go any farther."

"I can go on, general. It's only intermittent."

The general cut him short with, "Stop where you are." He spoke so sharp that I thought he was going to bite the captain's head off. I wished the captain had the courage to answer him, but he hadn't. The general and those who were with him rode on, leaving the sick man sitting on his horse looking after them, to take care of himself as best he could. I noticed he wore the same ornament on his cap as those about the general—a wreath—and I concluded he was one of them.

There was an interval in the passing regiments, and no one was near but the captain and me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

I was sitting on the fence, with my feet dangling. It wasn't a very graceful position, but I was only a country girl then, and didn't know any better.

"I don't know," he said, wearily; "I suppose I must ride back to N——. There's a hospital there."

If he hadn't been a Yankee and a robber, or a 'presser, which is the same thing, I'd have asked him to come into the house at once, he looked so sick.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," I said, "to take horses that don't belong to you?"

He did look ashamed. "It isn't a pleasant business," he said. "You'd better get that pony of yours out of the way; there'll be more troops along here by-and-by."

When he said this his voice sounded so pleasant, and he looked so sick, that I made up my mind to ask him in. But I couldn't bring myself to speak kindly to him. I couldn't forget that he was a Yankee soldier.

"Come into the house," I said, sharply.

He looked at me out of his melancholy, feverish eyes.

"No, I thank you. I'll ride back to N——;" and he turned his horse's head to ride away.

I called to him to stop. He obeyed me, and I went out into the road and took hold of his bridle.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, surprised.

"I'm going to *'press* your horse."

"What for?"

"To keep for the safe return of those you've taken."

He looked at me sort o' dazed. He put his hand to his head, and didn't seem to know what to do. I led his horse up to the veranda. He dismounted and walked feebly up the steps and sat down on a bench, while I took his horse round to the barn.

Well, the captain was put to bed. He had typhoid fever, and a very bad case it was. Occasionally, when troops would come into the neighborhood, I would mount my pony, and ride over to their camp and ask to have a surgeon come and see him. Between the surgeons and my nursing we got him through the crisis. I nursed him for six weeks. Then he became convalescent, and it was very nice to have him sitting up in an arm-chair on the veranda looking so pale and handsome. I used to sit by him with my work, and he seemed so gentle and so patient—not at all like he appeared to me when I first saw him riding back to the barn to 'press the horses—that I began to feel sorry he wasn't one of our own men instead of being nothing but a detestable Yankee.

One day while I was sitting on the veranda beside him, sewing, he said:

"Miss Molly, are you still holding my horse as a hostage?"

"Yes. Ours haven't come back yet."

"Don't you think you could let me take him when I get well, if I should promise to go and find your horses, and have them returned?"

"I'll see about that when you get well."

He'd been talking already about going on to join the army, but I didn't think him well enough, and didn't mean to let him go. He couldn't very well go without his horse, so I wouldn't let him have it.

"What hostage do you require in token of my appreciation of your kindness since I've been sick?" he asked.

"You haven't anything to leave. Besides, I've done very little, I'm sure."

He thought a moment. Then he said, somewhat sadly:

"Yes; there's one thing I can leave—only one. I'll leave that with you."

I couldn't think of anything he had except his revolver, and I was sure he wouldn't leave that. It wasn't appropriate. I waited for him to tell me, but he said nothing about it then.

At last he was well enough to go. At least he thought so; I didn't. He was still as weak as a kitten, but I saw how anxious he was, and didn't oppose him any longer. So one pleasant morning, when the air was soft and the roads were dry, I told one of the colored boys to bring the captain's horse round from the barn.

The captain stood on the veranda ready to mount and ride away. His blanket and rubber poncho were strapped behind the saddle, just as he had left them, and his horse was so anxious to be off that the boy could hardly hold him. The captain took my hand in his to say good-by, and looked straight into my eyes. I lowered them to his spurs.

"You're a good girl," he said. "I'll not forget your kindness."

"Oh, I would have done the same for any one."

"Any one?"

"Any one."

Then I asked myself: What did I want to say that for?

"I leave you the hostage I spoke of," he said, "but it is a very poor return for so much kindness—a mere bagatelle."

I could have bitten my tongue off. He was going to make a return—to pay for what I had done for him.

"You'll find it," he added, "if you have the shrewdness to guess where it is."

With that he gave my hand a pressure, and looked long and steadily into my eyes. Then he mounted his horse and rode away without once looking back.

As soon as he had gone I commenced to think what he could mean about leaving a hostage. I was sure he wouldn't offer anything very valuable. He must know I wouldn't like that; but I thought he might leave some little trinket for me to remember him by. I ransacked the room he had occupied, looking into bureau drawers, into closets, any place the ingenuity of man could find to hide anything. I even looked behind the pictures hanging on the wall. Then I went all over the house from attic to cellar. Not a thing could I find. Then I recalled his words, "If you are shrewd enough to guess where it is," and went all over my search again. At last I gave it up. "A pretty way to treat me," I grumbled, "after taking care of him so long!" I vowed that if ever I should see him again he should tell me whether he had really left anything, and what it was.

* * * * * *

News came of terrible fighting at the front. Stragglers, broken-down horses, mules, wagons, ambulances from which now and then a ghastly face would look out, kept going by day after day for several days. The yard, the barn, the kitchen, were full of men. The first day they drank up all the water in the well. Then regiments marched by almost as fast as when they were making their forced march south. They passed on by the house, but stopped on the crest of the hill up the road. There they began to dig with spades and shovels, and the next morning when I looked out there was a long line of forts, and the Yankee flag flying above them; and, great heavens! the black mouths of cannon frowning directly down at us.

While I was looking I heard something rattle far down the road. It sounded like emptying a barrel of stones into another barrel. Then another rattle, mingled with a constant dull booming. All the morning the sounds kept coming nearer, till at last I could distinctly hear the loud reports of cannon and of muskets all fired at once. I noticed a great stir in the forts above. Horsemen were galloping back and forth; new guns were every moment thrusting out their ugly mouths, and men were marching and countermarching. I could hear their officers shouting gibberish at them, which they must have been Indian or Chinese to understand. Then more soldiers passed the house from the south, tired, dusty, grimed, some of them running, some wounded and tottering along slowly. All passed in a steady stream behind the forts.

Suddenly a horseman dashed up to the house—he was all dust and dirt, and his horse was covered with foam. He threw himself from the saddle and came up on to the veranda.

Good gracious! the captain.

"Come away from here at once," he said; "our men are retreating; we are going to make a stand behind the works. You are directly in range. Be quick! the fire is liable to open at any moment."

Then there was a scramble to snatch a few things. One took a lamp, another a pitcher, another a photograph album. It seemed as if everybody took the most useless thing to be found. All except me were hurrying down the walk to the gate; I staid behind. The captain was trying to make me hurry. He was stamping up and down on the veranda and through the hall, almost crazy at my delay.

"Come, be quick!" he said, as sharp as if he were the general himself.

"Captain—" I said, hesitating.

"What is it?" he asked, impatiently.

"The hostage."

"What hostage?"

"That you left when you went away; I couldn't find it. Must we leave it?"

He looked at me a moment as if he thought I had lost my senses; then he burst into a laugh.

I never could stand to be laughed at, and just then it was particularly obnoxious. I made up my mind that he should tell me what I had hunted for, and tell me then and there.

"Never mind that," he said, seeing that I was irritated. "Save yourself and it will be in no especial danger."

"I'll not leave it, whatever it is," I said, resolutely.

"Come, come! this will be a battle-field in a few minutes."

"I won't stir a step till you tell me what I want to know."

"Nonsense!" he said, severely.

The more severe his tone, the more resolute I became. I stood stock-still.

"For Heaven's sake!" he urged, becoming really frightened; "the gunners are standing with the lanyards in their hands ready to fire."

"Let them fire!" I folded my arms.

A volley sounded a short distance down the line of forts to the west. The captain tried to seize my wrist.

"Do come," he pleaded.

"Tell me what was the hostage," I said, stubbornly.

"Here?"

"Here."

"No, no; this is not a fit place to tell you that. For the love of Heaven do come away!"

I vowed I would conquer him or die on the field.

"You shall either tell me or I will stay here till the battle is over."

He looked at the frowning forts anxiously, then back at me.

"You must know?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Now."

"Well, then, Molly dear, I left you my heart."

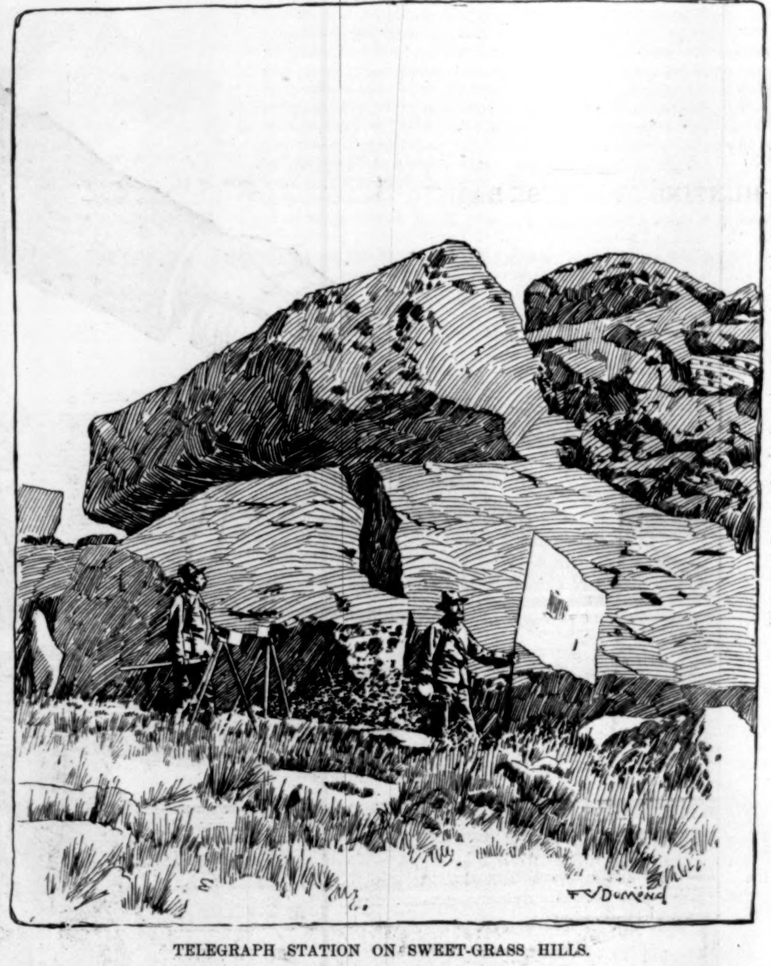
I stood as one who sees an engine coming straight down on him, and whose limbs are paralyzed from the suddenness of the discovery. Merciful Heaven! what had I done? What stupidity! The blood rushed in a torrent to my cheeks; I covered my face with my hands.

"And now, sweetheart"—taking one of my hands from my burning cheek and leading me away—"if you're satisfied about the hostage, we won't stay here any longer."

As he spoke there was an explosion in the forts, and it seemed as if a dozen shrieking cats were whirling over our heads. I almost wished one of them would strike me dead. The captain led me like a child toward the forts through smoke and noise and confusion. I didn't think of the battle that was opening; I only thought how immodest he must think me, and that he never would believe I could be so stupid as not to know what he meant by leaving a hostage.

I have had to suffer all my life for that one mistake. I never can have my way about anything; for when my husband finds all other expedients for governing to be failures, he invariably taunts me with having forced his secret at the cannon's mouth.

F. A. Mitchel.



TELEGRAPH STATION ON SWEET-GRASS HILLS.

INDIAN SERVICE ON THE BORDER.

The raiding expeditions among Montana Indians which recently culminated in the skirmish between the Crows and the troops of Fort Custer, Montana, have been carried on with remarkable energy during the past several years. Occupying, as they do, vast reservations, separated by immense strips of still wild and unsettled country, the various tribes of a portion of the Territory—Piegans, Gros-Ventres, Assiniboins, Crows—and Canadian Bloods have been able to carry on these horse-stealing operations with astonishing immunity.

A glance at the map will explain the peculiar position of these reservations. First, in the extreme upper part of the Territory is what is known as "the Great Northern Reserve." It extends along the Canadian frontier for 500 miles, is about 75 miles in width, and has an area of about 34,000 square miles, making it about the size of Maine! This tremendous stretch of country is occupied by only some 10,000 Piegans, Gros-Ventres, Assiniboins, and Sioux. The Missouri River forms the main southern boundary of this reserve. Then comes a strip of prairie and "bad land" country, about 150 miles wide, which terminates southward in the line of the Yellowstone River. On the southern bank of the Yellowstone commences the Crow Reserve, of 9128 square miles, extending west some 175 miles along the course of that stream.

The Crows and Piegans—hostile toward each other for many years—do most of the raiding, and it will be readily seen what a splendid field they have for operations. Each spring, as soon as the prairie shoots forth its first tender blades of grass, the young bucks become restless, and commence to daub themselves with paint. Dances are held around the cotton-wood fires that smoke and flicker on their tepee floors, and away into the night their savage instincts are excited by the old-time war-songs of the older braves. It proves too much for agency discipline, and finally, some fine night, a handful of the young men slip away, and commence the perilous journey which will bring them in sight of their enemy's herds. Such a party is usually a small one, of

not over a dozen bucks. They are as stealthy as so many coyotes, know every undulation of the prairie, and nearly always travel at night. They are usually not discovered until the stampede and capture of a band of ponies at the hostile agency, or by depredations on some white settler whose lonely ranch tempts them to plunder and violence while *en route*. Then the wires of the nearest station flash the tidings to the neighboring posts; "boots and saddles" is sounded, and the cavalry starts, all too late, on one of those long bootless quests it knows so well. Often, on short rations and in cruelest weather, it makes fifty miles a day, and after a trip of several hundred miles, hopeless from the first, it turns its jaded horses homeward to hear the well-known query from comrades who have staid at home, "Hello! Where 're yer Indians?" The marauding band has been in small danger of capture. Travelling only at night, with a long start, fresh mounts, and across a country whose dry carpet of old grass shows no hoof-tracks, small wonder that no ordinary body of horsemen could overtake them.

For years have the whites of the sparsely settled northern counties complained of these depredations, and for years have the handful of cavalry troops, aided oftentime by their infantry brethren, scoured the prairie in pursuit of the marauders. During the past season the attention of the War Department was especially turned to this region, and the most vigorous measures adopted. Cavalry and infantry troops were stationed along the border on the lines of travel of the Indian raiders, and a system of cavalry patrols established in the country north of Forts Shaw and Assiniboin. Near the latter posts heliograph stations were erected among the peaks of the Sweet-Grass Hills and Bear Paw Mountains—designed to flash messages from the post to its outposts, seventy-five miles away. A line of couriers, riding the prairie at the rate of six and seven miles the hour, was also established between different points, assuring communication under all circumstances. The effect of these vigorous measures was quickly felt. The Indians, alarmed by such a system of patrol, and possibly too by the irruption into their field of operations of some thousands of workmen building a line of railroad across their routes of travel, seemed to conclude the sport to be too dangerous, and remained quietly at home during nearly the whole season. The last raid made was that led by the recent Crow medicine man, SWORD-BEARER, in October last, and his death at the hands of the cavalry in November will probably render it the last for some time to come. If so, the settlers and troops of northern Montana are certainly to be congratulated. Our illustrations show elsewhere in this issue several phases of the field life of our troops thus engaged in patrolling the border.

HUNTING THE MUSK-RAT.

MUSK-RAT hunting is a sport that is just beginning to attract considerable attention in different parts of the country, where extensive areas of marsh-land form favorite feeding-grounds for these little rodents. Besides the professional trappers, who live in huts along the edges of the marshes, and earn their daily bread by hunting the rats, thousands of sportsmen engage in the business every spring merely for the pleasure which the sport affords. When the game is found in abundance, the hunters find excitement enough in capturing the active little creatures, for they have methods of effecting escape when pursued by enemies which often lead the sportsmen long races.

With the exception of the beaver, the musk-rat is probably the most ingenious of rodents in the construction of its houses. It always selects wet, marshy places for its homes, and all of the rivers and streams of water emptying into the Atlantic Ocean have their share of the small creatures. The low marshes abounding in treacherous bogs and quagmires, which are a terror to amateur huntsmen, are the places selected for the musk-rat's home, and usually a location is preferred which is flooded at high tide, but which is clear of water at low ebb. The houses are generally two or three stories high, and connected with the creek or stream of water by a long narrow tunnel, which the musk-rat burrows at low tide. The ground-floor is laid on a level with this tunnel, or lead, as it is called, and is circular in construction. A second lead, or sort of spiral stairway, connects the ground-floor with the second room directly above it, which is slightly smaller than the first. The height of the house is regulated by the tide. The top floor is always just above the highest water-mark.

There are three ways in which the rats are hunted, any one of which makes good sport. Shooting them is the mode of hunting that usually suits the foreign huntsman, for in this he is not compelled to tramp across the treacherous meadows, and run the risk of miring waist-deep in sticky mud. He usually goes in a boat along the edges of the stream on a clear bright night when the rats come ashore to feed. The rats, though very cautious in the daytime, become bolder and more daring after dark, and they will frequently allow a boat to approach quite close to them. After they have secured a spicy root they approach the water's edge, and dipping it in the stream they rub off the mud, and wash it thoroughly before beginning to eat it. While engaged in this operation the hunter can easily shoot the little creature, provided the night is not so dark that he is unable to get a fair view of the rat on the marsh. On dark nights a headlight with a strong reflector may be used with good effect.

Trapping the rats is another mode of capture. The traps are constructed somewhat after the fashion of the old box-trap. They are placed in the leads which connect the houses with the rivers at low ebb. When the rats return through their miniature tunnels they push against the wire door of the trap, which easily opens for them, and closes immediately after they have entered. They can then proceed no farther until they gnaw through the trap, but before they can do this the tide rises, and drowns them in their underground prison. Nearly all of the hunters have a number of traps set, which they can easily attend to while they are engaged in killing the animals in another way, which is the most destructive mode of capture of all. This is by spearing the rats, and it can be done successfully only by the old trappers, who understand how to use the spears with considerable effect. It is not looked upon favorably by sportsmen, as it has a tendency to drive the rats away from the more accessible parts of the marsh. The spears are simple of construction, but deadly in their use. In a strong cross section piece of wood a number of sharp spears, three or four feet long, are fastened. Approaching the rat-house as quietly as possible, the hunter suddenly plunges the spears down into the soft mud and rushes as far as he can shove it. With a pick-axe he then pulls the house to pieces. By this method he often captures two or three musk-rats at once, as the iron spears will impale all of the rodents that happen to be in the house. But in this work the hunter must needs be very cautious and wary in his movements, as the slightest noise will frighten the rats away before he can plunge the spears through the house.

The hunters of the musk-rats use the flesh for food, but it is the fur for which they are the most valuable. This is of two kinds, black and brown, the black being considered the most valuable, as dealers pay as high as twelve and eighteen cents apiece for them. The brown can often be purchased for six and ten cents each. The brown rat is larger, however, than its black cousin, and when full grown it will measure twelve or fourteen inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. The rats are distinguished by a peculiar kind of musk, which is found in a little sack just under the skin in the lower part of the body.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

THE OLD CANTEEN.

'TIS a treasure from out the old cedar chest
That a brave wife sacredly keeps,
All hidden away 'neath the bullet-ploughed hat,
Where the tattered old gray coat sleeps;

And the years drift softly and silently down,
The spider has woven her sheen—
A mantle of peace—like a halo of rest—
Round the heart of the Old Canteen.

It was battered and bent in the storm of war,
Where the hurtling grape-shot fell,
And it breathes in its sleep the mystical tale
That the Southland must know so well—

Of the clashing of steel, of the carnage of death,
Of the woe in the days that have been—
But a tenderer tale than the pale stars knew
Lies asleep with the Old Canteen.

The battle was done, and the flash of the guns
Had ceased in the warm bloody rills,
And the night, like a pall of the dead, dropped down
On the grim field of Chaplin Hills.*

But the field was won, to the soldier in gray,
And he lay in the lines between—
And weary and thirsty, he measured the drops
That were left in the Old Canteen.

There were dying and dead upon every side,
Loud curses, and prayers breathed low,
But the darkness concealed, nor would not reveal,
The face of a friend or a foe;

And he thought, as he lay by his arms, of home,
Of love, and its tenderest scene,
And he pillowed his head with its throbbing pain
On the breast of the Old Canteen.

But the chilling winds sighed, and a gurgling moan
Crept on through the darkening mist,
And the words of distress woke the slumbering heart
That the bright dream of home had kissed.

He tenderly lifted the shattered young form,
With the veil of the night between—
The heart of a soldier beat earnest and true
Beneath the old battered Canteen.

A friend or a foe?—ah! what mattered it then—
Union blue, or the C. S. A.?
With piteous *need* in the jacket of blue,†
Humanity's *heed* in the gray.‡

And the message was breathed to a stranger heart,
In the ear of *the foe* unseen—
And the quivering lips felt the cooling drip
From the depths of the Old Canteen.

"Tell my sisters I died for my country's cause,
That my end was a *soldier's* end;
And tell them, O comrade"—a gasp and a pause—
"I died in the arms of a *friend!*"

Through the shivering mist, like the white rush-lights,
The pale stars struggled between,
With the deep silence cleft by the gurgling sigh
That arose from the Old Canteen.

ENVOI.

Yes, lay it away in the old cedar chest,
With its tale of days that have been—
And light be the dreams, in the stillness of peace,
That may rest on the Old Canteen!

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

* Perryville. † Tenth Ohio. ‡ Fifth Confederate.

SIX NEWLY ELECTED METHODIST EPISCOPAL BISHOPS.

THE Episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church is of general, not diocesan, character. Its members are elected to travel at large over the whole area covered by the ministry of the denomination, with the exception of such regions as may be confided to the supervision of missionary bishops. The latter are really diocesan functionaries. From the Methodist point of view, bishops are not a third order of the ministry, but simply *primi inter pares*—first among equals—elected and consecrated for the performance of special duties. Elections are held quadrennially, during the session of the General Conference, and are designed to fill the vacancies caused by death, and to meet the demands of a rapidly growing and extending Church. They ordain and station ministers, and laboriously devote all their energies to the welfare and efficiency of the Church as a whole. One of their number states that during a period of eighteen months he was able to spend only five weeks in the bosom of his family.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT, D.D., LL.D., first of the new Bishops elected, was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, February 23, 1832; removed with his parents to Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, in 1838; was educated in Milton and Lewisburg academies, Pennsylvania, the preparatory department of Lewisburg University, and the Wesleyan Institute, Newark, New Jersey; licensed to exhort in McVeytown, Pennsylvania, in 1849; as a local preacher in 1850, and preached on the Luzerne Circuit, Baltimore Conference, in 1851. In 1852 he served on the City Mission, and studied in the Wesleyan Institute, Newark, New Jersey; in 1853 was admitted to the New Jersey Annual Conference; ordained deacon in 1855, and elder in 1857, and served the Franklin and Irvington charges successively. Transferred in the latter year to the Rock River Conference, he officiated as pastor in Joliet, Mount Morris, Galena, Rockford, and Trinity Church, Chicago, until 1865. While in Galena, General U. S. GRANT was one of his most warmly attached parishioners, and very rarely failed to be in his pew at every public service. The acquaintance then formed ripened into life-long friendship.

Special aptitudes and qualifications for Sunday-school instruction led him to establish the *Northwestern Sunday-school Quarterly* in 1865, and the *Sunday-school Teacher* in 1866. The ability exemplified by these induced appointment as General Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Union in 1866. This was followed in 1868 by General Conference election to the post of Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school Union and also of the Tract Society, to which he was again chosen by the four ensuing quadrennial legislatures of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While discharging appropriate duties, including the editing of Sunday-school literature, his fertile brain, aided by that of the Hon. LEWIS MILLER, of Akron, Ohio, in 1874, projected the celebrated Chautauqua movement, out of which have sprung about fifty Sunday-school assemblies in various parts of the continent. For the organization of this new development he had prepared, in part, by a visit to Europe and the far East in 1862–3, and to England in 1872; visits which were followed by another to England and the Continent in 1878, to England in 1880, and to Europe and the far East in 1886–7.

His greatest achievement is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, founded in 1878, which now includes nearly 100,000 members, and has spread over Christendom. Equally unique is the Chautauqua University to which it gave birth, and of which he is the Chancellor. Few public men, if any, have exercised greater influence on popular education than he. Magnetic and enthusiastic, and of boundless resources, he has inspired tens of thousands to devote themselves, gladly and persistently, to similar labors. In conjunction with men of like spirit he has extended the International system of Sunday-school lessons without regard to Churchly limitations. His great enterprise has been, and is, inter-denominational. It may not have embodied all his hopes and plans—what human creation ever did satisfy the wishes of its creators?—but it has provided more solid, flavorous, and nutritive spiritual food for the young and the imperfectly educated adults of the land than was ever enjoyed before. Definite results are sought. Brief manuals in every department of literature are provided, and foster intelligent interest in higher culture. Successors trained under his eye will efficiently carry on this particular work with even richer fruitage in the future.

Under Dr. VINCENT's editorial care the circulation of the *Sunday-school Journal* has risen from 16,500 to 160,000, and that of his lesson literature to nearly two and a half million copies of all its issues. As an author, the books entitled *The Church School and Its Officers*, *The Chautauqua Movement*, *The Modern Sunday-School*, *The Revival and After the Revival*, and other volumes, attest his industry and excellence.

Powerful as a preacher, popular as a lecturer, unequalled as a projector, unsurpassed in administrative genius, of tireless activity, and deeply beloved by multitudes in this and other countries, he enters upon episcopal duties under conditions that promise the best results for himself and the Church of which he is one of the chief pastors.

JAMES N. FITZ-GERALD, D.D., born in Newark, New Jersey, in the year 1837, of mercantile and prosperous parentage, studied in several educational institutions, was educated for the practice of law in the office of FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, Secretary of State under President ARTHUR, and in the Law School at Princeton; admitted to the bar as attorney in 1858, and as counsellor in 1861, in harmony with State law, and was for a time associated in practice with Chancellor RUNYON. Prospects of eminence and affluence were brilliant, but not destined to realization on such lines of usefulness.

Converted at Newark in 1861, the young legist felt that his call to enter upon the career of a Methodist itinerant was imperative. He obeyed it promptly, and joined the Newark Conference in 1862, was ordained deacon by Bishop SIMPSON in 1864, and elder by Bishop BAKER in 1866. Until 1877 he served in the pastoral charge of some of the principal churches in his Conference, and from that date up to 1880 in the presiding eldership of the Newton and Newark districts.

Eleven years of excellent service as Conference Secretary, two terms of labor as Assistant Secretary of the General Conference of 1876 and of 1880, together with his known legal knowledge, clear brain, calm, balanced intellect, and singular business powers, occasioned election to the duties of Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1880. In 1884 and 1888 he also represented the Newark Conference in the supreme legislature and judiciary of his Church. Acknowledged fitness prompted elevation to the episcopal bench by a large majority of votes. Thoughtful, judicious, firm, and positive, a convincing debater, with sharply defined convictions and eloquent utterances on all moral issues, thoroughly pious and consecrated, he is admirably adapted to the General Superintendency of his large and potent Church.

ISAAC WILSON JOYCE, D.D., born in Hamilton County, Ohio, October 11, 1836, is of Hibernian ancestry, and removed with his parents to Indiana in or about 1849. Converted at the age of sixteen, he was received into the Northwest Indiana Conference in 1859, ordained deacon in 1861 by Bishop SIMPSON, and elder in 1863 by Bishop MORRIS. Several of the most important charges enjoyed his highly effective services. During four years he officiated as presiding elder, and in this subordinate form of episcopal dignity gave rich promise of wise and beneficent administration when called to the higher and still more difficult functions of the General Superintendency.

Indiana Asbury, now the De Pauw University, acknowledged his scholarship by bestowing the degree of M.A.; Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, his proficiency as a theologian by conferring that of D.D.; the Northwest Indiana Conference his ministerial value by delegating him as one of its representatives to the General Conference of 1880; and the Bench of Bishops his wisdom and talents by deputing him to represent his Church to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada in 1880.

Transferred to the Cincinnati Conference in 1880, he was the beloved pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church for three years, then of Trinity Church in the same city for three years, after which he was reappointed to St. Paul's, from which he has just passed into the chief pastorate. Marked zeal, deep sympathy, and high administrative ability distinguish Bishop JOYCE. Bold and successful in stimulating and guiding churchly enterprises, popular and highly esteemed by the young and the mature, of positive individuality and judicial temperament, and of ripe culture, his constituents confidently look forward to a course of Pauline efficiency and beneficence.

JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D., born in New York, September 1, 1826. Converted at the age of sixteen, educated in common with several men distinguished in letters, arms, and finance at Cazenovia Seminary, New York, admitted in 1848 to the Oneida Conference, transferred to the Troy Conference in 1855, and in 1858 to the New York, where he was stationed in Bedford Street Church, he steadily rose in public estimation for his remarkable pulpit oratory and pastoral efficiency. In 1859 he travelled through Europe, spent a studious winter in Rome, and made the tour of Egypt and Palestine. The fruits of observation and research were subsequently published in volumed form by HARPER & BROTHERS under the title of *From Dan to Beersheba*. After serving as pastor in Washington Square Church, New York, during 1862–3, he was commissioned by Bishop AMES to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Gulf States. In Louisiana he originated an orphan asylum, a university, and the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, and also underwent considerable danger from opponents of the new social and political forces in that locality. He is now serving his third term as pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, where his culture and eloquece have always attracted crowds of the ablest people in the nation. From 1869 to 1873 he officiated as Chaplain of the United States Senate. Under appointment of President GRANT he made an official tour of the world in 1873. This was followed by excellent results to the consulates and other interests of the United States. His commercial reports are said to have been rated at high value.

From 1877 to 1880 he held the pastoral oversight of the Central Church in New York. The noble volume entitled *Babylon and Nineveh*, which procured for him the honor of membership in the London Biblical Archæological Society, was one of the products of his latest tour. Corresponding Secretary of the New York Conference Education Society in 1880, and in the same year a member of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in London, he attracted favorable attention in the latter relation by reading an excellent paper on "Scriptural Holiness."

In the General Conference Dr. NEWMAN represented the Mississippi Conference in 1868, the Baltimore in 1876, and the New York in 1880. Returning to New York in the fall of the latter year, literary and other reasons induced him to retire from the travelling ranks for a while. During this period, and while retaining his membership and ministerial relations to the Methodist Episcopal Church, he served as the pulpit and pastoral supply of the Congregational Church near the Grand Central Depot. There crowds hung upon his lips until his resignation. Readmitted with unanimous consent to the New York Conference in 1885, and then transferred to the Baltimore Conference and stationed at the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D.C., he was in attendance on the General Conference as first reserve delegate when elected to his present office.

Dr. NEWMAN is an untiring student, an omnivorous reader, with special tastes for antiquarian research, and is a stately, elegant, and forceful orator, whose eulogies of LELAND STANFORD, Jun.,

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DR. JAMES N. FITZGERALD.—From a Photograph by Garber.

DR. JOHN HEYL VINCENT.—From a Photograph by Garber.

DR. ISAAC W. JOYCE.—From a Photograph by Landy.

DR. JAMES M. THOBURN.—From a Photograph by Garber.

President Grant, and General Logan have been widely read, admired, and criticised. That he is gifted with extraordinary talents as an organizer may be inferred from his pastoral success in Washington, and the permanent character of his work in the South. Rochester University conferred his diploma of D.D., and the Grant Memorial University of Athens, Tennessee, that of Doctor of Laws. The approaching evening of life will probably be its most prolific period. *Christianity Triumphant*, *Evenings with the Prophets on the History of the World*, and *Lost Empires*, should be the predecessors of richer works, in which the knowledge and philosophy of a busy and reflective life should be stored. His personal popularity all over the United States is attested by the enthusiasm which was universally manifested on his election to the most responsible and influential of clerical posts.

Daniel Ayres Goodsell, D.D., born in Newburgh, New York, November 5, 1840, is the son of Rev. Buell Goodsell, one of the sturdiest, most laborious, and beloved members of the New York East Conference. Trained under the best household conditions, and educated at New York University, he united with the New York East Conference in 1859. To this body he has been so closely attached that gratifying offers of pastoral charges in other fields have been gratefully but decidedly declined. In Brooklyn, New Haven, New York, and other sections he is best known and most intelligently respected. Services of sixteen years as Secretary of his Conference earned recognition as one of the most effective but unobtrusive of its members.

In 1887 Dr. Goodsell, already appreciatively esteemed as a born and skilful *littérateur*, was elected to the editorial chair of *Zion's Herald*, Boston, Massachusetts, in succession to the veteran Dr. Bradford K. Peirce. But before the time fixed for the assumption of the tripod he was chosen Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and from July, 1887, to the epoch of his election to the episcopate, satisfactorily met all the requirements of his position. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888, receiving in the last mentioned year the largest vote ever given to any candidate of his Conference.

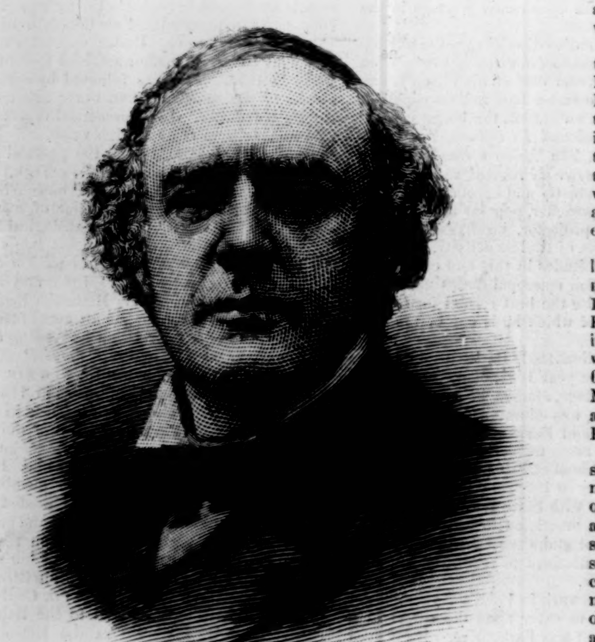
Bishop Goodsell is always employed, and that usefully. Differing lines of study attract taste, thought, and reflection. Scholarly, able, and productive, he is ranked among the foremost thinkers of his Church. Literary editor of the *Christian Advocate* for the past eight years; collaborator of the late Dr. Daniel Curry in the conduction of the *Methodist Review*; preacher of singular solidity of thought, brilliance of diction, and vocal fervor; pastor sympathetic, self-sacrificing, and helpful; administrator of marked judicial character, and most beloved by those who know him best—his numerous friends look forward to a lengthened official life of genuine apostolic worth.

James M. Thoburn, D.D., Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for India and Malaysia, was born near St. Clairsville, Ohio, March 7, 1836, left fatherless at the age of fourteen, taught school to secure the means of defraying expenses at college, was converted at nineteen, and graduated from Alleghany College at twenty-one. In the same year he began to preach within the bounds of the Pittsburgh Conference, and in March, 1858, was admitted to the Conference on trial.

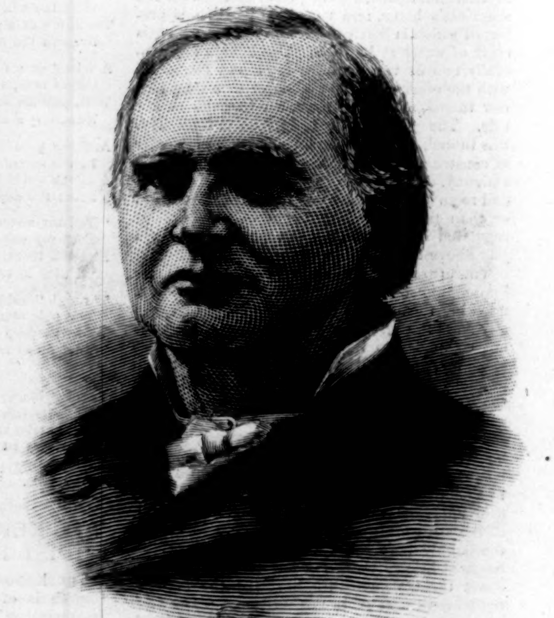
Believing himself called upon to consecrate life to evangelistic enterprise in India, Mr. Thoburn sailed for that country on the 11th of April, 1859, in company with Messrs. Judd, Waugh, Parker, and Downey, and their wives. Landing in Calcutta, he was appointed to Nynee Tab, a well-known station in the Himalayas; then at Garhwal, where he preached in Hindi; next to Moradabad, where he preached in Hindustani; afterward at Lucknow, where both English and Hindustani were used; and lastly in Calcutta.

For fifteen years Dr. Thoburn has been Presiding Elder of the Calcutta District, in what is now the Bengal Conference, and in the discharge of his duties has travelled very widely. Pastor as well as Presiding Elder, he has had the joy of seeing a very small beginning at the great Indian seaport grow into white, native, and sailors' churches, containing about six hundred communicants, with good edifices, reading-rooms, and other Christian appliances. His name is familiar and dear to thousands of seafaring and commercial men all over civilization. Reading and talking in Bengali, preaching in Hindustani and kindred dialects, holding forth the word of life in English, editing for six years the *Witness*, a live evangelical newspaper, until his departure for this country on furlough, James M. Thoburn has been a model of industry, zeal, and effective labor. He represented the India Conference in the General Conference of 1876, the South India Conference in 1880, and the Bengal Conference in 1888.

Dr. Thoburn's hard good sense, fervent piety, marvellous adaptiveness, practical wisdom, and intelligent faith are best revealed in his book entitled *My Missionary Apprenticeship*, and in his published *Missionary Addresses before Theological Schools*. Life with him has been crowded with joys and sorrows. His first wife died in 1863, leaving a son, the Rev. C. R. Thoburn, who has also been a missionary in India. His second wife, Miss Anna Jones, M.D., of Kingston, Ohio, whom he married November 11, 1880, is a most efficient coadjutor, and will return with him, attended by the prayers and sympathies of the Church, to his new and extensive missionary jurisdiction in India.



DR. JOHN P. NEWMAN.—From a Photograph by Taber.



DR. DANIEL A. GOODSELL.—From a Photograph by Phelps.

THE NEWLY ELECTED BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—[See Page 399.]

A COURIER RELAY STATION.

ON LOOKOUT DUTY.

PACK TRAIN SUPPLYING WOOD TO THE TROOPS—ON SWEET-GRASS HILLS.

INDIAN SERVICE OF TROOPS ON THE BORDER.—From Photographs.—[See Page 398.]

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REV. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D. D.

The late Dr. Morgan, who died on May 19th, has been one of the most noteworthy figures in the social and religious life of New York for many years. Widely known as the rector of St. Thomas's Church, one of the largest parishes in the country, he had a special and unique reputation for an individuality of a most uncommon kind, and a character at once winning, gracious, and beautiful. Foreign observers often awaken the mirth of Americans by affecting to deplore in our social life the absence of striking personalities and of polished manners. If "the exception proves the rule," no one could be long in Dr. Morgan's presence without confessing to the truth of this national indictment, for he could not but carry away a persistent memory of one very unlike ordinary men in his qualities, while in manners and address polished and benignant to a degree suggesting rather some French abbé of the old régime than a figure in our restless and hurried democratic life.

Dr. Morgan's manners were the direct result of Christian principles working on a nature singularly gentle and firm. There were those who thought them too stately and ceremonious, for they fell like a rebuke upon the slipshod and careless modes of speech and action which characterize our social life to-day. But formal they were in no true sense, for there was a genial kindness and a desire to please and aid running all through them, like the glint of the sunlight on the waves of a river. He treated a beggar or a dependent with the same courtesy that charmed a lady, and was in the privacy of home precisely what he was in the pulpit or on the street. Singularly free from the vice of a carping criticism of others, he yet possessed a wise, calm, and keen judgment. While not remarkable for intellectuality, he impressed those about him by the equipoise of all his qualities. There were no torn pages or blotted lines in his life. What the observer saw was a fair example of the whole record. The social side of Christianity, with all its possibilities of refining influence, household virtues, the graces and sweet courtesies of speech and conduct, have seldom had so fine an illustration as in Dr. Morgan's life.

But there was a side to his character entirely different from this, and generally held to be incompatible with the softer and more feminine qualities which adorned his career. In 1857 he became rector of a parish lying below Washington Square. Already deteriorating in influence and numbers, it showed signs of soon becoming moribund. Dr. Morgan grasped the situation, and proposed within a few years to move into what was then almost a rural region in upper Fifth Avenue. He went still further. He insisted that an edifice worthy in its architecture of a great metropolis should be placed amid green fields, and that it should be able to hold a congregation of over two thousand. Against all the quiet but intense opposition that developed to hinder such a scheme he placed a calm persistence based on a wise forecast of the future. Few then believed in his prophecies or appreciated his judgment. But he was successful, as all New-Yorkers know, and the rapid development of the city nobly justified him. He built a church whose interior is probably the most delightful in New York. He drew to it vast throngs of worshippers, paid off its enormous debt, and supported from it a large mission work. To do this required Christian virtues of a militant kind quite as rare as the social gifts alluded to. The city and the Church have lost in Dr. Morgan a character unique in many ways, and long to be remembered.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, D.D.

The death of Dr. Morgan, the venerable rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, this city, has lent additional interest to the admirable provision which had already been made for his successor. It could hardly have been other than an advantage to the new rector to have had for a time the companionship and counsel of the Rector Emeritus. Of such advantage he is now hopelessly deprived. The misfortune is the less that Dr. Brown is already a clergyman of large experience, having been in the priesthood for a period extending over twenty-two years, and having held in succession important parishes in different parts of the Union. Moreover, he was especially commended by the late rector to his vestry as his successor, and indeed was invited by Dr. Morgan seven years ago to be an assistant minister of St. Thomas's.

The new rector is of Scotch-English descent, and was born July 7, 1837. He was educated first in Baltimore, and afterward at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, his studies being conducted with a special view to the profession of civil engineering. He entered upon the practice of his chosen profession, and was for a time in the service of the government. Engineering, however, held him only for a brief period. Yielding to the attraction of the pulpit, he returned to Dickinson Seminary, and qualified himself for the Methodist ministry, on which in due time he entered, serving about five years. Coming under the influence of Bishop Whittingham, his sympathies were drawn toward the Protestant Episcopal Church, and on February 25, 1866, in Mount Calvary Church, he was ordained by that prelate to the office of deacon.

As deacon he served in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, under Dr. Schenck, during the illness of Dr. McKim, then assistant in that parish. At Dr. McKim's death he was invited to remain in Emmanuel Church, in the capacity of assistant. The parish of St. Ann's, Middleton, Delaware, being at the same time offered him, he preferred the independent charge. While in Middleton he was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Lee, August 3, 1866. From Middleton he was, after a brief period, transferred to Trinity Church, Philadelphia; thence to Christ Church, Detroit, where he succeeded Bishop Paddock; thence to Trinity Church, Cleveland, where he succeeded Bishop McLaren; thence to St. Paul's, Buffalo, where, as in Detroit and Cleveland, his ministrations have extended over a period of six years.

Dr. Brown is not only an able and energetic preacher, but a great worker, and possessed of a large amount of practical common-sense. He has been a member of the last five General Conventions, and served on important committees. He has served also on the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. Wherever his lot has been cast he has proved himself to be a public-spirited citizen. Of the Humane Society in Cleveland he was Vice-President; and he has been President of the Humane Society in Buffalo. In June of last year he was one of the Board of Visitors at West Point, and it fell to his lot to address the graduates. The Rev. P. A. H. Brown, of St. John's Chapel, Trinity Parish, in this city, is the doctor's brother.

AN ASSURANCE OF HEALTH.

Among the assurances of health afforded us by the regular discharge of the bodily functions, none is more important and reliable than that which regularity of the bowels gives us. If there is any—even a temporary interruption of this—the liver and the stomach suffer conjointly with inactive organs, and still greater mischief ensues if relief is not speedily obtained. A laxative, above all cavil on the score of mineral composition or violent effect, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, approved by the medical profession and a most important item of the family materia medica of American households. It is botanic, painless in action, and, if persisted in, effectual. The stomach and liver, in no less degree and no less promptly and thoroughly than the bowels, are regulated and toned by it, and it is an admirable defence against malarial and rheumatic ailments, and a benign remedy for kidney complaints, nervousness, and debility.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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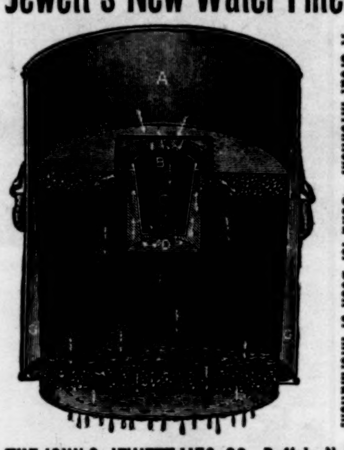

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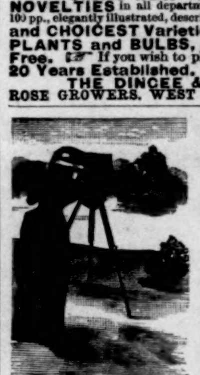

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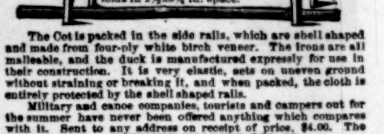

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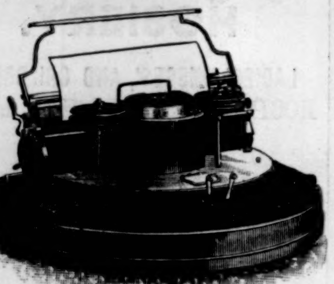

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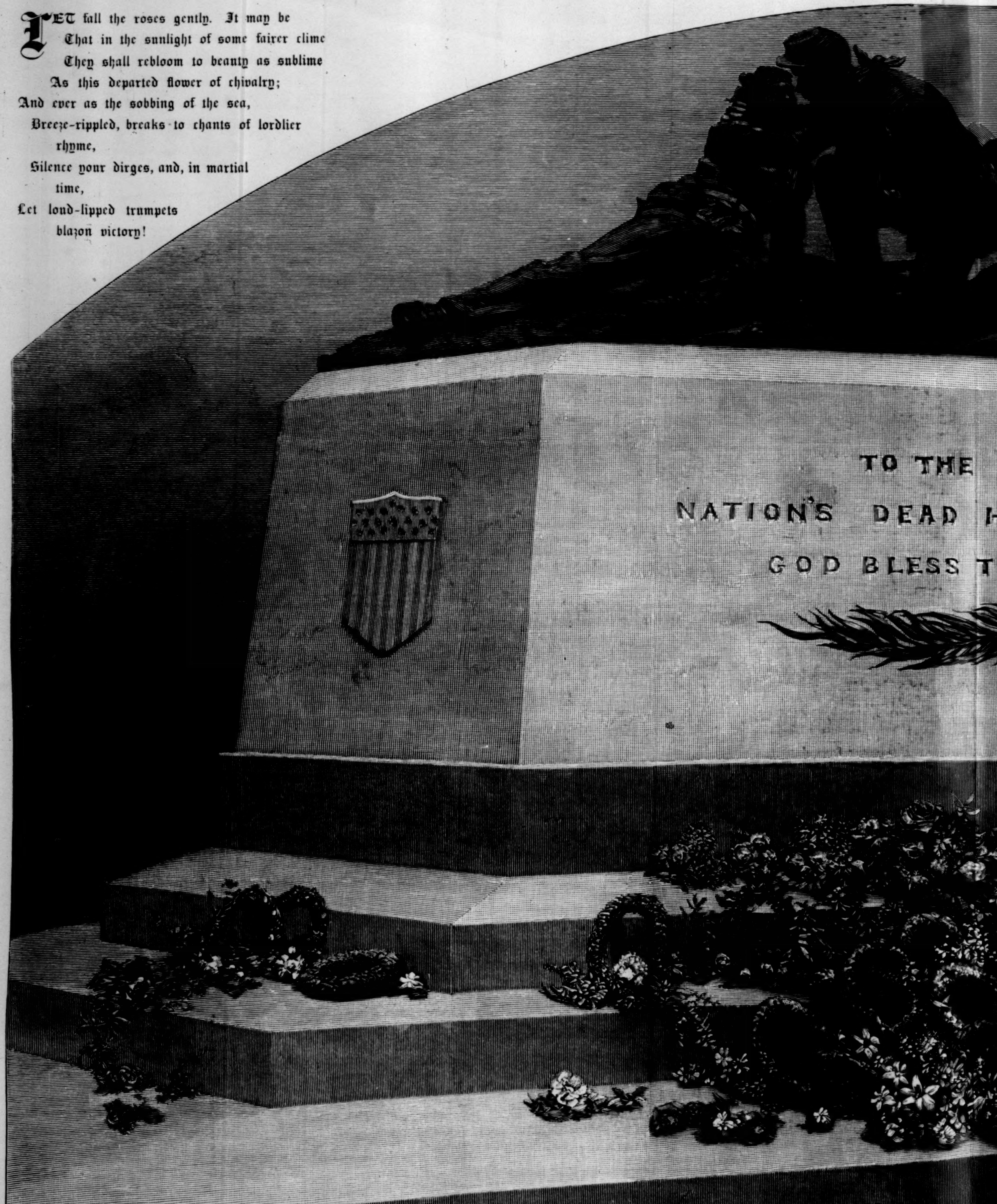
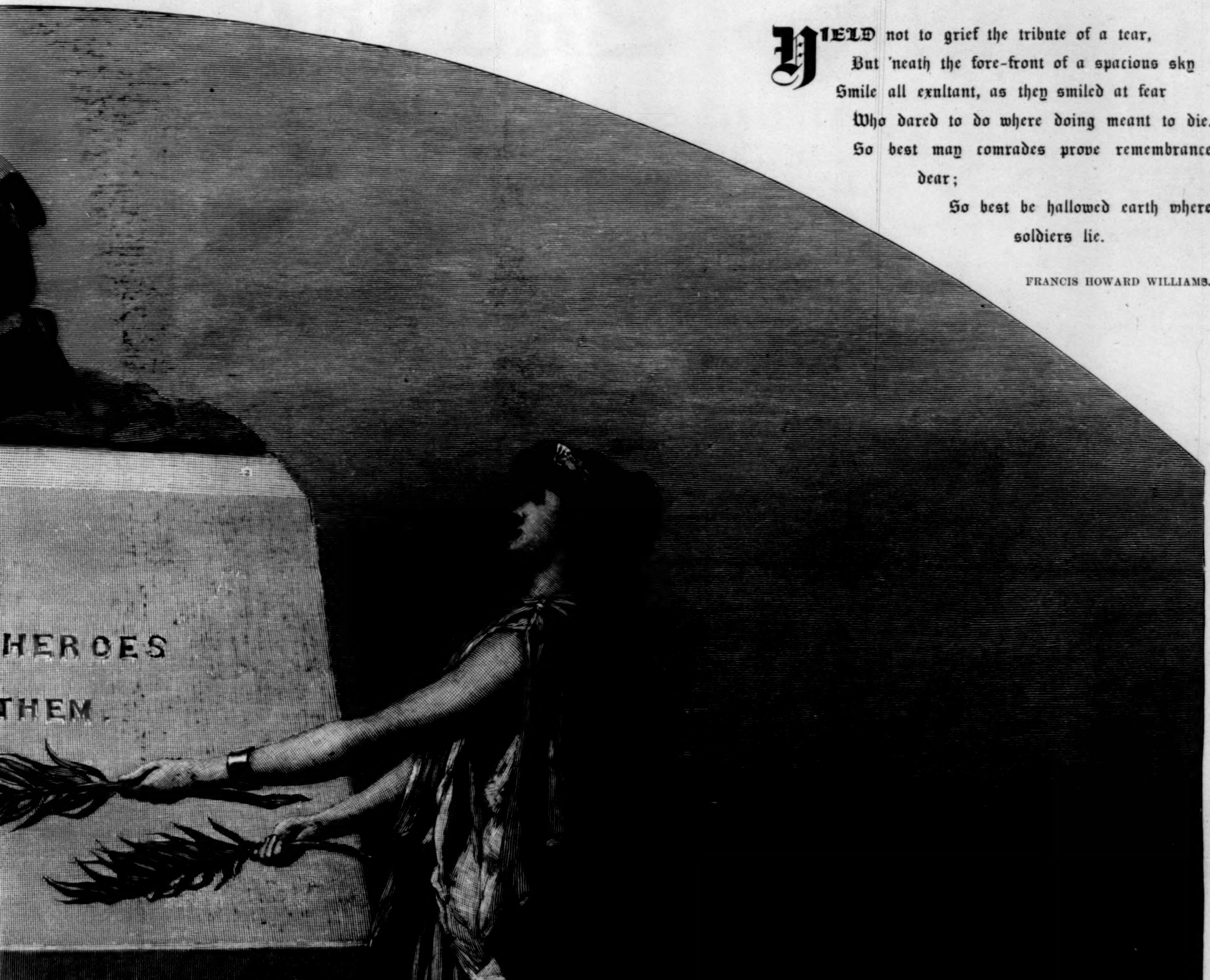
LET fall the roses gently. It may be
That in the sunlight of some fairer clime
They shall rebloom to beauty as sublime
As this departed flower of chivalry;
And ever as the sobbing of the sea,
Breeze-rippled, breaks to chants of lordlier
rhyme,
Silence your dirges, and, in martial
time,
Let loud-lipped trumpets
blazon victory!



DECORATION DAY, 1888.—Dra

Yield not to grief the tribute of a tear,
But 'neath the fore-front of a spacious sky
Smile all exultant, as they smiled at fear
Who dared to do where doing meant to die.
So best may comrades prove remembrance dear;
So best be hallowed earth where soldiers lie.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.



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